

TO YOU
IS THE WORD OF SALVATION SENT.

SEVEN ADDRESSES

TO THE
WORKING MEN AND WOMEN OF ENGLAND,

DELIVERED AT
ST. MARTIN'S HALL, LONDON,

BY RICHARD WEAVER,

A CONVERTED COLLIER AND EX-PUGILIST.

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

PRESCOTT, C.W.:
PRINTED AT THE "EVANGELIZER" OFFICE.

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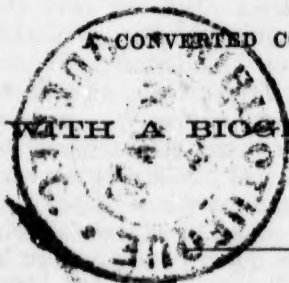
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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

ICE.

The Author of the following Discourses is a remarkable man. To the attentive reader this fact will become speedily apparent, and the conviction most certainly forces itself upon every reflecting mind, that the preacher has been providentially called to the performance of a peculiar and much-needed work. It was at the instance, we believe, of the Hon. and Rev, Baptist W. Noel, that "Richard Weaver" came to London, and commenced those stirring and pathetic addresses to large bodies of its working-class population, which have made his name to be known and respected throughout several of the most densely peopled districts in the metropolis. To a mixed assembly of Ministers and Christian Gentlemen, held last April, Mr. Noel gave some very earnest exhortations on the necessity, in order to produce a religious impression on the minds of the masses congregated in our great cities and towns, for employing all available instrumentality to this end. In illustration of his views, Mr. Noel said, "Mr. Weaver, for example, a converted collier, has been a most successful preacher of the Gospel to persons of his own class, though he can hardly read. He has been preaching at Sheffield and other towns, to multitudes of working men, who delight to listen to the truth from his lips. I may mention that he was, at one time, addicted to prize-fighting, and that he was never beaten in his life. His companions used to call him 'Undaunted Dick,' and now that he has become a Christian, his heroic character remains with him. When he became converted, he was much taunted and persecuted in many ways by the godless men who laboured in the pit with him. One of them stole a quantity of his coal on one occasion, and was about sending it up the shaft as his own, which Weaver seeing, said to him, 'That coal is mine, not yours, and my being a Christian is no reason why I should encourage theft.' 'Never mind,' said the man, 'I shall have it.' 'If you mean that,' said Weaver, 'we must see who is the strongest;' and he got his coal. The man was in a great fury, and struck him on the face, and wanted him to fight. But Weaver would not

fight. 'No,' said he, 'My Master says, "If they strike you on the one cheek, turn to them the other also ;" and he let the infuriated man strike him again, and did not return the blow. When the man had exhausted his fury, he went back to his work. This was on the Saturday. On the Monday he came to Weaver, trembling and pale as death, and fell down on his knees begging to be forgiven, saying, 'You have never been out of my mind since Saturday, and I am miserable ; will you forgive me ?' Weaver replied, 'If you are sorry for what you did, I will forgive you freely.' The result was that the man became awakened to a sense of his sinful character, and now attends upon the means of grace. I might," continued Mr. Noel, "give you many other illustrations of the salutary effect of Weaver's example of what Christian conduct should be, and of the blessed influence of his words ; and I ask, why should he be hindered from preaching any more than the demoniac of whom we read in the Gospel, who went through the ten cities of Decapolis preaching the good news of salvation through a crucified Saviour. The people who had heard of the demoniac would probably say to him, 'Why, only yesterday you were a naked savage ; what can you know about these things ?' 'True,' he would reply, 'it is indeed so, but I can tell you what the blessed Jesus has done for my soul. I have not been at college, but I love the Saviour, and I want you to love him. It is just because I was a Demoniac, and am now a Christian, that I can preach. I do not wonder," Mr. Noel added, "that hundreds of strong and hardened men should be melted to tears under the preaching of Richard Weaver. He preaches from the heart, from the character, and from the life, and in my opinion is every inch a preacher. If we can get the same natural abilities and earnest spirit combined with education, so much the better ; but meanwhile let not the church despise, or refuse to encourage, such a man as this."

Mr. Weaver is at the present time but thirty-six years of age, though he looks several years older. He is rather slenderly built, and below the middle height. Congregations of strong men have been moved to tears by his touching pictures. Yet there is nothing tender in his features or pathetic in the tones of his voice. His utterance is an almost continuous shout, and the expression harsh to the ear of Londoners, especially as his provincial accent is decidedly marked. His general appearance is not unlike that of Mr. J. B. Gough, and (like that remarkable man) he owes much of his power over masses of people to his dramatic abilities. There is, however, nothing that is understood by the term "Theatrical," about his manner ; it is natural acting, though somewhat violent, arising from genuine earnestness of purpose, and a

deep-felt conviction of the truth of all he utters. He left home, he says, when he was only fifteen, and from that day he wandered far away from virtue, and became immersed in wickedness till he was twenty-eight, when he was roused to a sense of his moral condition in a remarkable manner. In the midst of his grovelling dissipation, words of serious import struck upon his ears, and refused to be dismissed from his thoughts. He never belonged, it seems, to the "prize-ring," but was nevertheless frequently engaged in pugilistic encounters with other Staffordshire miners; and one day, after a night of debasing revelry, while he was still in bed, he caught snatches of religious conversation between two persons in the room beneath. His reflections at the time, he says, had reference to an impending fight, when the question, proceeding from the lips of one of the speakers below, "When God rises up in judgment, how shall we meet him?" diverted his thoughts for a time, and made him feel uneasy. The momentous question seemed to have a personal application, and against his will he pondered over it. Presently he was called upon to get up to do his work. He arose, but could not go to his usual occupation. "Get drunk again," said the invisible tempter. He seized the malignant suggestion and went to the drinking place, and for a time drowned his convictions in the intoxicating cup. Returning at night towards his home from the distant drunkery whither he had gone, and, while yet stupefied with drink, he was startled by the Scripture declaration flashing upon his memory: "The drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God." The awful truth haunted him all night so that he could not sleep. In the morning he went out from among his fellows, and sought himself in a lonely sandpit, and there—

"His conscience felt and owned his guilt.
And plunged him in despair."

But the Lord was merciful unto the wretched man, and a gleam of hope entered his agonized spirit, as there came to his mind what his pious mother once said to him when he lifted up his hand to strike her, on account of the supplications she offered on his behalf, "You may do that if you will, Richard, but I will never give over praying for you;" and he thought, "Surely this starting up before me of my sinful life is the answer to her prayers." Then came crowding upon his long-beclouded memory many a holy truth taught to him in his boyish days by that Christian woman, whose last words to him "before she went to the Alleluia country," had been, "God bless you, my son Richard;" and he wept like a child, as he gave vent to the deep desire of his heart, for the pardon of his manifold iniquities. The

prayer was answered, he gratefully declares then, and there, and joy unspeakable took possession of his soul. It was a sudden leap, a good Lancashire spring, as he says, out of the seventh chapter of Romans into the eighth—out of “O, wretched man that I am” into “no condemnation;” out of “this body of death” into “Jesus Christ.” So mighty was the effect that he hastened home, and, with adoring boldness, related to one and another the great change that had happened to him. “He’s mad!” said some, and others thought to win him back to his wicked ways; but his answer was,

———“Clear the way,
Let me go;
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell:
Will you go?”

The first services that Mr. Weaver conducted in London were held in Cumberland Market, Hampstead Road, and in a room in the Euston Road that had been used as a penny theatre. Night after night, in the month of June last (1860), he talked for hours together in his own rough and ready, but most striking, and not unfrequently pathetic manner, to thousands of people, many of them belonging to the very lowest order of society, and for whom his exhortations possess an especial adaptation. At these open-air services a positively thrilling effect was sometimes produced by Mr. Weaver’s singing in the midst of the preaching. For example, on one occasion his subject was:—

“And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.” One principal passage in his discourse was in connexion with the remark that the ransomed of the Lord are a singing people, and the way to Zion a singing way.—“They shall return to Zion with songs.” “I was always fond of singing,” he said; “I believe I was born singing. But the songs I used to sing are not the songs I love now. I remember when ‘Old Dog Tray’ and ‘Britons never shall be slaves’ used to be my songs. ‘Oh, my dear men, you sing ‘Britons never, never shall be slaves:’ what slaves you are to your own lusts, to the devil, to the landlord! I used to sing, ‘We won’t go home till morning;’ the landlady loved to hear that. I’ve sung that five nights together, and spent £14 (nearly \$70) on one spree, and got turned out at the end, and she wouldn’t trust me for a quart. But I’ve learned better songs. I’ll tell you some of the songs I love now. Here’s one:—

"Oh happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee my Saviour and my God,"

And here's another,

'There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.' "

The speaker quoted with wonderful rapidity, but without the least semblance of irreverence, at least a dozen hymns, or portions of hymns, some of which he sung, the meeting taking up the chorus. Then he related the following anecdote which shows how affectionate a heart may be developed by the grace of God in a man employed in the hardest work, and once addicted to the grossest vice :—

"I knew a collier in Staffordshire who had one dear little girl, the last of four or five. This child was the light of his eyes; and as he came from the pit at night she used to meet him at the door of his cot to welcome him home. One day when he came in to dinner, he missed his little darling, and going into the house with his heavy coal-pit clogs, his wife called him up stairs. The stillness of the place and her quiet voice made his heart sick, and a foreboding of evil came upon him. His wife told him they were going to lose their little lamb—she was taken suddenly ill, and the doctor said she couldn't live. As the tears made furrows down his black face, and as he leaned over his dying darling, she said, 'Daddy, sing

"Here is no rest—is no rest!"

'No, my child, I can't sing, I'm choking; I can't sing.' 'Oh, do, daddy, sing "Here's no rest." The poor fellow tried to sing (*preacher sings*)—

"Here on the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest—is no rest!"

But his voice couldn't make way against his trouble. Then he tried again, for he wanted to please his sweet little girl (*preacher sings*)—

'Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest—is no rest!
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest—I am blest!"

Again his voice was choked with weeping; but the little one whispered, 'Come, daddy, sing "Sweet is the promise."' And the poor father goes on again—

"Sweet is the promise I read in thy Word,
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
They have been called to receive their reward,
There, there is rest—there is rest!"

"That's it, da'ay," cried the child, "that's it;" and with her arms round the collier's neck, she died happy in the Lord.

Many illustrations will be found in the following discourses of the touching tenderness of spirit which is frequently displayed by the preacher. Indeed, the pathetic everywhere predominates; though it will be seen that he can thunder the terrors of the law upon occasion, and with startling power.

As time went on, and as the interest in Mr. Weaver's preaching increased, it was resolved, by a number of gentlemen anxious for the preaching of the Gospel to the working-classes especially to that portion who might be utterly ignorant concerning it, to hire St. Martin's Hall, and subsequently St. James's Hall, for nightly sermons, succeeded by Inquirers' Meetings. And it may be well to add that the accompanying pages contain, not selected discourses, but those that were delivered consecutively during one week at St. Martin's Hall in Long Acre. It would occupy many pages to tell of the scores of deeply interesting cases of conversion of which we have heard as the result of Mr. Weaver's devoted labours. Not a few who had travelled even further than himself on the road to eternal ruin, have been reclaimed in London by his means, and are now rejoicing in God their Saviour.

It cannot be supposed that educated Christian men will agree with everything that Mr. Weaver says or be otherwise than painfully impressed, occasionally, with the way in which his sentiments are expressed; but ought they, on that account, to throw a single obstacle in his way, or refrain from strengthening his hands, when it is delightfully manifest that his whole heart is in the work of winning sinners to Jesus; that the Master whom he serves has been pleased to accompany his words and prayers with the saving power of the Holy Spirit?

So thoroughly satisfied are those gentlemen who have associated themselves with Mr. Weaver in his London labours that spiritual good is being done by his means, that they have prevailed upon him to promise to devote himself to similar endeavours for several months to come, if his health and strength do not fail him, which appears to be far from improbable, unless he shall wisely limit his preaching toils to less than seven or eight hours every day. Although it is said that Richard Weaver was never beaten in any of his pugilistic encounters, he by no means appears to be a robust man. He evidently thinks so himself, for

he says he expects not to be alive on the earth ten years hence, though his present age is only thirty-six.

For those elsewhere who may desire, but cannot hear his oral services, we publish this little volume, and devoutly trust the printed words of the preacher may prove extensively useful in many parts of the country where his voice is never likely to be heard.

LONDON, *September*, 1860.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—John xv. 13.

You will understand that I have come from Lancashire for a special purpose, viz, to speak to the working classes of London. As a working man myself I have derived a great blessing from the Gospel of Christ, in which I believe, and that which would do good to me as a working man, would, I am sure, do good to every working man. You may say, perhaps, "Ah, but you make a good thing by the Gospel." So I do make a very good thing by the Gospel—I make eternal life by believing the Gospel; so may others who hear me. I am certain that if a man does right he is as much entitled to get gain by it as those who do wrong. I find a blessing, both temporal and spiritual, in the Gospel. I am as poor, may be, in temporal matters, as any before me, but am rich through faith in Jesus—rich, because I am an heir of heaven, through the blood of Christ. I do not come to London—and I speak to some who know me, I see the faces of those who have heard me before—I do not come to preach to you, I say, because I am paid for coming hither, but because it was proposed to me some six months ago by those good men, Mr. Brownlow North, and Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, that I should come to London. But I said I have heard the London people are such grammarians, while I have never been to a grammar school, and don't know much about it. A good man down here told me that he would teach me grammar in three weeks. But although I know I could not learn grammar in that time, yet there was one thing about which I could talk to you. I could tell you what Almighty God has done for you and for me, and I could tell you about the love of Jesus. And I am sure, my friends, that the love of Jesus is the best thing in the world. Wives, you know something about loving your husbands and children. You know something about the love of parents. I have to thank God for a loving mother myself, and you

know that a loving mother will often do many a thing for her son that his father refuses to do, will she not? Such love is something like religion—and, indeed, where there is no love there is no religion. I do not care for your profession; show me your love, and I will tell you of what kind your religion is. There are faith, hope, and charity; but the greatest of these is charity, and though charity begins at home, it should not stop at home, for the Lord commands you to love all men as brethren. There are some men who show so little of this, that their love of Christ is manifestly but a profession only, and not a possession. It is the duty of every man who is called to preach the Gospel to be a servant unto all, for so was Jesus Christ, and we ought to follow his footsteps. May the Holy Spirit help them, and help me, therefore, to do so.

I have not come here to please any one, but to benefit you and to glorify my Lord and Master. I have not come to court the smiles of any rich people, some of whom, in this place, have heard me before. It is not that I speak pleasantly to them that they come here to hear me, but because what may do good to one class will do all classes good. The same blood that washed my guilt away, and gave me peace at heart, will do the same for others. There is only one way of salvation for the sinner, whether rich or poor. There are many, however, who profess to be religious, and yet would not sit in the same pew at church as the poor man, but would cry out, "Hold fast!" if they saw you going in their pew with your coarse jacket. But Christ is not like them. He takes the poor into his loving arms and presses them to his bosom and says, "These shall be mine." You may be black, you may be filthy, and polluted with sin, but if you do but come to Christ just as you are, you will be certain to meet with a welcome. Look then, not to men, but look to Jesus. Plenty of people have tried the first and have failed. But whosoever has looked to Christ has been saved.

Now, my friends, as I said just now, I am going to talk about love. If I were to begin to talk about anything else, I should not succeed in my object; but it does my own soul good when I think of Christ's love for one who did not love him. If a servant does something wrong, some of you

begin to scold, and to storm, and the servant turns round and storms again, for there is pride in a servant as well as in you. If you would but speak gently however, and kindly to her, how soon you would kill the devil in her. If you have bad servants then, do try and speak gently and lovingly to them; for the Lord died for *them* and loved *them*, though you *do* live in the parlour, and they are down in the kitchen among the crockery,—they are loved by Jesus all the same for that. May the Lord bless you tonight, and help you to imitate Jesus—for “greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

I have told you about the love of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and you all know the difference between h-a-t-r-e-d—hatred, and l-o-v-e—love; you would all know the difference between my speaking kindly to you and my upping with my fist and striking you, and speaking harshly and crossly to you. When I was in the world, and used to be boxing, and swearing, and drinking, and Sabbath-breaking, if any man spoke to me it was up with my fist and knocking him down, but since that time the Lord has shown me a better way, and now if any one abused me I would remain silent for a while, and as soon as he began swearing I would begin praying. That is the best way to kill the devil in any. The Lord has tried both ways; he tried law before he tried love to bring his people back; but now he shows unto us an infinitely better way, “for God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

Where there is love there is peace and harmony. If you were to go down with me to my home in Lancashire, and see me and my wife and two children round our fire, you would not hear a jangling word there, because the love of God is in our hearts. What a thing that love of God is! May you, working men, go home to your wives this night with it in your hearts, and say: “Mary” or “Martha, I have found such a thing to night as I have never found before;” and she will say, “Oh, lad! what hast’a found?” and may you say “I have found the love of God, and peace in Jesus Christ:” for “greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

As I have travelled up and down this country the last four years, I have seen a great deal of Christian love which has been shown to me by people whom I have met, and especially after they have become converted to God, then people would seem to carry me in their bosoms. Many a poor man has come up to me and shook hands with me, and I have been ready to say "Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." The Lord bless them and you to night.

I know something about love. Bless the Lord God Almighty, he opened my eyes to see his redeeming love through Jesus Christ. You may be the means of drawing many people to the love of Christ, and get them to look at that "perfect love which casteth out fear;" and if you can get them to realize and believe that God loves them, the tears will flow with grateful love. Go to the poor outcast, and tell her that God loves her; tell her although her character is gone, and her prospects are blighted, and her home blasted yet that there is hope for her; for Jesus is willing to bless her; that there is a better home for her even than the home of her childhood, and though she has lost her character, yet she shall have a name and place better than that of a son or a daughter, through the love of Jesus Christ. Tell her that God loves her, and will forgive, receive, and bless her; that woman will be made glad at heart forever. It has made my heart often bleed as I have been going down the streets and seen these poor, guilty, polluted women, many of whom have been brought up by the hands of loving mothers, who have prayed for them, and wept for them, and whose hearts, perhaps, they have broken by their misconduct. But God can pardon them through the blood of Christ. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

There was a time when Popery reigned in the land, and the Bible was not allowed to be read by the people. Thank God, we are not to be thus tied and bound by Popery, nor by Puseyism either, now. We will have the real thing, and not be enslaved by popes or priests. We will have none but Christ for our priest, and may Heaven help you to bless him,

and to magnify his name, and to honour him in your walk and conversation. But at that period of which I was about to speak, there was a poor old woman, who loved the Bible and Christ. She thought it was her duty to do her Father's will, and therefore she read her Bible. The priests went to her, and asked her to give up the Bible, but she refused. The bishop of the diocese was told of it, and the poor woman was again asked if she would give up her Bible; but although she knew that it was death to her if she did not, she was determined not to give it up, but said she would rather die, and go to the promised land. The priest came again, and said:—"I am going to give you three weeks; if you will submit in that time your life shall be spared, but if you will not submit, you will have to be taken to the market-place, and your head will be severed from your body, and you will be burned." But all her reply was—"O, my friend, I am not going to give up the Bible for nought; you may burn my body if you like; but God has so loved me as to give his Son to die for me, and I will die, if need be, for his truth. You may do what you like with my poor body, but I will not give up my Bible." This woman had one son who was abroad in some far-off place, and he heard by chance, as it were, that So-and-so was going to be punished because she loved her Bible, and would not give it up, and he said to himself, Why that is the name of my poor old mother! I know she loved her Bible, and that she often prayed for me. I cannot stay here and know that my poor old mother is going to perish at the hands of these Popish priests. The day of execution arrived, and the poor woman was conducted to the place of death; she was made to walk slowly through the crowded streets; tears rolled from her aged eyes, but the smile of joy was on her lips. Just on this day the young man returned, and found his mother on her way to the stake; he rushed thither and broke through the midst of the officers; all made way for him, and he cried out:—"That is my mother. I will die for her! Take off these fetters, and let me take her place." They led the youth to the stake. He did not repent, but felt what my text says—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." For though scarcely for a righteous man

would one die, yet, peradventure, for a good man some would even dare to die." But God commendeth his love to us, who are in this room—glory be to God. "He commendeth his love to us, in that, while we were yet sinners, he gave his Son to die for us." Thank God, Christ took our nature upon him, and brought salvation down from heaven, so that, through his love for them, every working man and working woman in London can be saved.

You parents know something about having love for your children, but the Lord has a special love for his children. Some people would tell us we are not the Lord's children, but I do not think the devil ever made a man yet, and if not, why, then we do not belong to him, and people cannot prove it: but God loves every man, and he "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Once I was preaching on this love, and illustrating it by the love which a mother hath towards her child—and I can assure you I know something of the love of a mother towards her rebellious son. I talked about my mother who loved me, and who had so often prayed for me, when up came a man with no jacket on his back, who seemed to me as if he had been weather-worn and weather-beaten and said to me, after he had listened awhile—"Ah, sir, I had a praying mother once; if she were still alive I should be glad to see her. Often and often has she wept for me, and prayed for me in times past." Well, after a little time, this man found the pearl of great price, and then he said—"I can testify to you, my friends, that by his grace there is power in the gospel to save sinners." At that moment a young woman came up, with tears in her eyes, and put her arms round his neck, and cried out—"Oh, it's my brother!" You would have wept if you had seen them. "Mother will be so glad to see you," she said, "it was only to-day she was talking about you." Then the sister asked me if I would bring her brother home, while she went first to carry the good news, and to prepare her mother to see him. She said to her mother—"Would you not like to see your son again, mother?" "Ah!" said the poor mother, "I would rather

see him than any one should give me a thousand pounds this night!" When we reached the house, the sister rushed down stairs, and led us up. We went to the bedside, and as soon as the mother saw her son, she jumped out of bed, and clasped him in her arms, crying—"Oh, my child, my child, thou art still alive then!" It was some time before they could separate them, and then the son said—"Why, mother, I see thy heart's still the same—a heart of love." "Yes, my lad," she said, "I never forgot thee: and when I have been praying, I have always prayed for thee, and asked God to bless thee." He asked her, "What made you love me so?" "Ah," she said, "it is because God loved me." That is something like our blessed Lord, who loves us all, good and bad alike. There is not one here to-night, even the best of us, who can dare to point the finger of scorn, and say, I have been a good man, and you have been a bad one—the best of you in this hall to-night—you gentlemen and you ladies, as well as the poorest man down there in his fustian trousers and barragan jacket, are as bad in the sight of God as the blackest sinner and harlot in the streets of London. Your name is SINNER, that is your name in the sight of God. "And the soul that sinneth," we read, "it shall die." But remember God loves you, although you are a sinner, and however great a sinner you may have been. May God bless you then, and help you to believe this to-night.

There is one thing I have seen as I have travelled about, that in many families the parents have got their loved Benjamins, and their loved Josephs, whom they love better than all the rest of their children. Now that is wrong; if you have ten children, you should love one as well as another. I know that I was the biggest *rakeapelt* of ten children, and yet my mother loved me more than all the rest; I believe if she prayed once for others, she prayed twice for me. And there's many a parent now who shows more favour to one child than to another; but it only brings jealousy into the hearts of the other children, and strife into the house. If you give Johnny a coat, and don't buy little Benjy one like it, there will be jealousy between them. If you would keep that away, you must keep the favouritism out, and treat them all alike, and then they will not be so likely to fall out with

one another. But the Lord is not like you—he is no respecter of persons; he loves the poor man in his barragan jacket, and the poor woman whose clothes altogether are scarcely worth sixpence, as well as those who are well dressed and rich; and he loves the poor slave in fetters as well as the free man. May heaven help you to imitate Jesus in this.

There was a family in Manchester, composed of two sons, a daughter and their father. The poor mother had died happy in the Lord. One of the lads, however, was addicted to what I used to be—to visit liquor halls. Oh, I have no comfort, as I look into them, and see them brightly lighted up, and men, and women, and little children standing round them. Don't countenance the devil's work; have nothing to do with them; they are slaughter-houses, they are taking away the bread out of the poor children's mouths, and robbing the wives of the comfort of their homes and all their happiness. But, as I said, one of these lads was a visitor at theatres, and saloons, and liquor halls. His character was blasted, and all hope of doing better blighted; his home was neglected and deserted by him; but his father, who had a loving heart, never turned the key against him, but the door was always open for him, whenever he would return. The brother and sister were members of a chapel, and looked upon this young man as a disgrace to them, and to their father's house. They tried, therefore, to prevail upon their father to turn him out, as he would only bring a reproach upon them all. But the father said to them, "You are only his brother and his sister, but I am his father, and I will never turn him out." Finding that they could not prevail upon him, they induced a friend to go to the father, and persuade him to shut his door against the prodigal, but the old man's only reply was: "You are his friend, but I am his father, and I can never do this. But we will meet on a given day, and try and bring this business to a conclusion—we will meet here with his brother and sister and himself, and see whether we are to shut the door against him or not."

The day came, and they met at the father's house and had tea together. The others sat round the table comfortably, but the poor prodigal had to sit in a corner, and his tea was handed to him, as he was not allowed to sit with his

brother and sister. After tea the father said: "Now we must all have a conference as to what is to be done with this poor prodigal." He looked at him with tears in his eyes, and then he turned to his brother and said: "You are his brother and I am his father—can you sit by and see me turn your brother out?" "Oh, yes," said the brother. Then the old man turned to his daughter and said: "You are his sister and I am his father—can you sit by and see me turn your brother out of doors?" "Oh, yes, father, or he will bring disgrace upon us all," said the sister. Then he turned to the friend—(but I do not think he was any friend to him at all) and he said to him: "You are his friend, are you not, and can you sit by and see me turn my son out?" "Yes," the friend replied, "I could." Then the old man, turning to them all, said: "You are his brother, and you are his sister, and you are his friend, but I am his father," and he went and fell upon the prodigal's neck, and said: "God bless thee, lad; though all should shut up their hearts against thee, yet thy poor father will never harden his heart against thee, nor turn thee out of doors." The poor lad put his arms round his neck, and said: "Oh, father, will you forgive me?" His father forgave him, and he found peace and pardon upon his bended knees, and to-night he is a preacher of Christ and him crucified. There are some persons who would turn us out of heaven, if they could; but, thank God, we have a friend. God loves us all, in spite of our sins. One night I asked a man who was well dressed, in the Borough-road Chapel, if he loved Christ? He looked at me, and said: "I am not going to confess to you, I will confess only to God." There are some who, like him, cannot return our kindness. Let us thank God, my friends, we have a God who loves us at all times, who saw us ruined by our sin, yet loved us notwithstanding all. Let us take him for our friend, and imitate him in all things. Christ has become a friend to us, and to-night you have a friend in heaven, who loves you with an everlasting love. For "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

I have one question to ask you who visit the liquor halls, you who can go and sit there and stay away from your wife

and your homes, and spend your money there, and perhaps take a harlot upon your knee; and then, when your poor wife comes to ask you to go home, you will up with your fist and give her a blow—I ask you, is there any love in your heart towards the wife of your youth? Nay, there cannot be. I have seen a great deal of this, and it has made my heart bleed. I have seen wives with pale, wan, sunken cheeks, go to these places, and beg and entreat their drunken husbands to go home. And the man has had a harlot sitting upon his knees, and he has hurled his wife on one side, and knocked her down in the place, among the drunken wretches who were there, and there she has been, without a friend to help her or an arm to protect her from her brutal husband. I ask you, can such husbands and fathers as these have love for their children or for their wives?—can they have the slightest regard for them? Don't tell me, mothers, that you love your children, you who are schooling them for hell. Don't tell me, fathers, that you love your children, when you are training them up to go to these places, and to lie, and grow up bad men and women.

I remember once being sent for to go to a cottage to see a poor creature who was dying; when I entered the cottage, there was a poor woman who was expected to die every moment. Around her were six children, almost dying of starvation; the father, who had neglected his home and his family, was there weeping; the eldest girl about fourteen, sat by her mother's bedside, and kept moistening her mother's dying lips, and wiping the perspiration from her poor forehead, and she said to her mother—"You will soon be better, mother." The woman answered—"Yes, I shall soon be better, in heaven. God be with thee, for there will be no one to comfort you when I am gone." Then she called her husband to the bedside, and he came, saying, "O, my dear lass!" Ah, he could call her his dear lass now she was dying, though he used to ill-treat and neglect her. She asked him to promise her this; she said, "There's Mary, and John, and William, and Thomas, and Henry, and Sophy; these are our six children, and I am here dying, but I have prayed for God to bless them; I want you to tell my children, when I am dead and gone, that I have loved Jesus, and that if they

do so they will meet me in heaven. They will lose me very shortly, but God will be the same for ever, and he will be a father to them, I know." The man wept as if his heart would break. She then called the youngest of her children, and asked her if she would pray for her little brothers and sisters. "O yes, indeed I will," the child answered. And then, turning to me, she said: "Richard, will you sing for me?" "Yes," I said, "I will sing—what shall I sing?" "O!" said she, "sing 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' and then I sang:—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last."

She said that will do." Then she took her babes to her dying arms, kissed them, and said—"The Lord be with you." And she put her arms round her poor husband's neck, and said: "Will you bring them up and teach them to meet their mother in heaven?" He promised to do so. She said—"But before you can teach, you must learn to love God yourself—promise me you will try to love God yourself." And there her husband, on his knees, and weeping by her bedside, found the pearl of great price, before her life departed. The poor woman, looking up to heaven, exclaimed—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

O, my friends, if you were to have the love of God in your hearts, you would be happy men and happy women. In cottage homes, where the love of God is, you see the little children come out to meet the father as he returns from work at night, and carry his basin, or his cup, which has had his dinner in, may be, and run on before to tell their mother, "Father's coming!" There is something charming, sublime, and grand in the love of Jesus, when it can make husbands love their wives, and wives their husbands, and parents their children, and children their parents, in this way. May the Lord help each one of you to believe in Jesus to-night.

If I am alive, I will come here every night during this week, but I will still talk about this love. O, the greatness of that love! If the Lord would pass by any one, he would have passed by Richard Weaver; and yet I can testify, that if I die to-night heaven is my home. There is indeed a blessing in religion which the world can neither give nor take away. There is much to gain in believing in Jesus. Some of you say—"I do not believe it." But how do you know, you who have never tried it? Come, then, and try yourselves. May God lead you to decide to come to-night, and decide to live for Christ, and to die for Christ. Every man and woman is invited to come who will, whatever may have been their character or condition. Though some people may not believe it, yet they would not be able to take away the conviction from my mind, that I am a brand plucked from the burning. Go to some of my old companions, and ask them about my former life. I remember once I was preaching down in Lancashire, when there came up a man who had been one of my old companions, a man with whom I had stood up and boxed between the ropes; and he said, "I'm sure there's something in religion, if Richard Weaver believes in it, for he was once as vile as me." What, my friends, is the difference, then? The difference is found in the blood of Jesus.

There is nothing beautiful, sublime, or grand in infidelity. It cannot light up the dark valley of the shadow of death, neither can it give hope and comfort here. It is something like the viper that a poor man once picked up, half frozen, upon a winter's morning, and put it in his bosom, and when it became warm, and recovered, it bit him. So will infidelity do to you. I have stood by the infidel's bedside; I have seen him entering the valley, and heard him cry out in that last moment, "I am damned! I am damned!" But I never heard a Christian say that, but when they reach the edge of the valley, they say:—"I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he will keep what I have committed unto him until that day," and—"O death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?" I have seen an infidel crushed beneath the weight of that all-powerful love of Jesus. I could tell you of one down in Staffordshire, who

can now testify that the truth has power. I was once preaching at a place called Willenhall, in Staffordshire, and there was an infidel there named Hart, with his wife, in the gallery of the place. God's blessing came down abundantly upon the people that night. Truly, God's Spirit can do more than any theological teaching. I thank God that it can, and does. This man could not stand against that love, and he and his wife came into the vestry, and there he found the pearl of great price. Afterwards he said to me—"Here's poor Hart, washed in the blood of the Lamb. Blessed be the love of God. I was an infidel till to-night, but now I can see something more sublime than can be found in the works of Tom Paine or Voltaire." Yes, my friends, there is something grand in L-o-v-e. Where there is pure religion there will be this pure love. If any of you have tried, you will say that I am right. May God bless you, and if I never meet you any more on earth, may I meet you in heaven, for Christ's sake.

I have just one thing more to say, and that is—that I always try to find out who is on the Lord's side whenever I preach. I have come all the way from Lancashire, not because I want your gold and silver—nothing of the sort, but because I want to save your souls; my Father is rich, and when I say I want anything, he says he will give it me, and I am sure he will. I feel that my days are getting few, and that my strength is failing, and although it is not a pleasant duty to stand against the sneers, and jeers, and scoffs of the world, still that's nothing to me, if I can but be instrumental in saving but one poor sinner, that is enough to repay me for all. I am determined, while my life lasts, to go on talking about Jesus, and showing sinners what a blessed thing God's love is. O, if you and I can but meet in heaven, what a happy day that will be! I ask, then, which of you are on the Lord's side? Let those who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ hold up their hands, and we will retire to another room and talk to you about this matter; and the blessing of God Almighty be upon you all, this night, and forever. Amen.

GOD'S LOVE-GIFT TO THE WORLD.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John iii. 16.

You cannot find a more precious text than that; as long as that verse remains in the Bible, there is hope for every one. I have come from Lancashire to tell you that God is love: that is my mission; and if I leave off at the text, and do not speak another word, it is enough to induce you all to come to Christ to-night. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Recollect these are Christ's words, and not Paul's, or Peter's, or John's; they are the words spoken by the Lord Jesus himself; and I would sooner take his words than any one's else. He is not a man that he should lie, or the son of man that he should repent. He was God as well as man, the true and faithful witness; He always spoke the truth. He knew that God had employed other and severer methods with erring, sinful man; he knew that the wrath of the living God had been poured out upon the antediluvian world. God had tried what floods of water and flames of fire would do with disobedient and ungodly sinners, and how they had failed in making them repent. In spite of all these judgments, there were but a very few that would be led to repentance by these means. So the holy and righteous God took counsel with his only begotten Son, and said, "We have tried what fire and floods of wrath will do, and how they have failed in winning back men to God; now we will try what the mission of love will do. We will now make a full display of the strongest, the tenderest, and altogether undeserved love, to those hard-hearted, sin-blighted wretches, and whosoever believes in this manifestation of my love, shall have everlasting life." Thank God, the blessed Saviour has brought love down to us.

"'Twas love that did the world redeem,
No other help was found."

I have spoken to you about the difference between l-o-v-e and h-a-t-r-e-d. You know when a man is loving toward you, and when there is rankling and backbiting, and defrauding around you. Thank God, we have a Father in heaven, whose name is Jehovah, whose heart is full of love. If I were to try and fathom the depths of redeeming love, I should find it impossible. There has never been a servant of God, from the beginning of the world, that could fathom it. It is not in the mind of mortal man to describe how much there is contained in that little word "so." Thank God, though I cannot understand it, my heart can bow to it, and say, "God so loved the world."

You might read Adam Clarke, that learned expositor who has written commentaries on many texts which nobody could fathom beside himself; but when he comes to this, he is obliged to leave it as it is, and say, "God so loved the world." Or you might go to that pious man, Mr. Fletcher, of Madeley, and study his sermons; but it is not in that pious man's mind to fathom the depths of redeeming love. Bless the Lord, his love is unspeakable. You might follow that mighty champion of the Cross, George Whitfield, who held people, as it were, over the bottomless pit, and terrified them, and then told them of the heights and depths of redeeming love; but they were depths which he could not fathom; and while his bones are bleaching in the cold grave, the love of God still remains the same mighty theme and fathomless mystery. You might sit at the feet of that sanctified man, Mr. Wesley, who sacrificed everything he had in this world for the love he had for perishing souls, but he would tell you that he could not fathom the depths of redeeming love. You may go with the Tinker of Bedford, and read his "*Pilgrim's Progress*" through from beginning to end; but the love of God he could not fully describe. O, bless the Lord, his love is both unspeakable and unfathomable; and as these mighty men could not fathom the depths nor scale the heights of redeeming love, it is not likely that a poor illiterate collier can. But I do know that "God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son."

If I had wings, and could fly from this nall to-night right up to yon blood-washed throng about the throne, to Abel, that first martyr, who has been singing, "Worthy is the Lamb" for so many thousand years, and ask him about the love of God, he would tell me that we have it set forth in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, "God *so* loved the world." If I could go to that wise man Solomon, as he sits on a glorious throne up yonder, and if I were to range over the sweet plains of the celestial country, and ask every blood-washed soul how much God loves us, they would say we have it in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, "God *so* loved the world." If I were to go to the angels, the Cherubim and Seraphim, in the angelic world, and talk to them about the love of God, they would be at a loss to tell me how much God loves us. They could only point to the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, and say, "God *so* loved the world." If I could enter the celestial company to-night, and go to that mighty champion and preacher of the faith once delivered to the saints—the apostle Paul, and say, "Paul, Paul, how much does God love us?" he would tell us, "There are lengths and breadths, and heights and depths, that pass knowledge, which I have not been able at present fully to comprehend. The knowledge of this love is not within the compass of my mind to understand, much less to tell you, how great, how high, how deep, is God's love in redeeming sinners by the death of his beloved Son." But, bless God, my dear friends, that we have it stated in the good old book, that, "God *so* loved the world," and if God loves the world, he loves you, my beloved friends that are here to-night.

I know something about the love of earthly friends. I know what it is to have the love of an affectionate, tender-hearted mother; and I have been reading a letter to-day from my brother, and from my poor old father, seventy-eight years of age, which deeply affected my heart. And oh, when I take a retrospective view of my past life, and take my mind back to the time when I was led by the hand of a praying mother to church, to hear the word of the living God declared Sunday after Sunday, and when I think how she would take me on her knee, and teach me that beautiful prayer, "Our father which art in heaven" when I think of the love

of that poor old and affectionate mother towards me, it almost overwhelms me as I remember the blackness of my ingratitude towards her. I can remember the time when she put her hands upon me, and said, "God bless thee, lad." A father now myself, I can tell how it was that poor old mother loved her prodigal son. Let me tell you I like to see a mother putting her hand upon the head of her little one, and teaching it that prayer, "Our Father." Oh, what a beautiful thing it is for children to call God their father. I can remember the time when my mother taught me that beautiful prayer, and I shall never forget it. When I was converted I could not pray much besides. I was preaching one time, and a young man was, through God's grace converted. As soon as he found peace and pardon, he said, "Oh, Mr. Weaver, will you allow me to pray?" He was one of the sons of toil, a poor labouring man, that had to work with hard hands for the bread that perisheth, and the tears were running down his blackened cheeks. But when he knelt down, and said, "Our father, which art in heaven; hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come"—I never felt anything come with so much power in all my life. I said, "My dear young brother, where did you find that prayer?" "Oh, he said, "my mother taught me that when I was a boy." And whenever I see a father or mother teaching their children that, it proves to me that a father or mother loves them. We know something about love. I know I like to see people I love, and I know very well that my dear little boy, if I go to him with a frowning face, will begin to weep; but if I go with a smiling face, and gentle words, he will smile and say, "My father loves me still." God Almighty loves us still. Glory be to God, though we have done wrong, our heavenly Father loves us still. Others may spurn you from them, and sneer at you, and say you are only the working classes, and put you down as the off-scouring of all things in the world; but oh, my friends, thank God that he loves you still. Others may tyrannize over you and oppress you, and build their houses with the money you ought to have for your families, but God loves you still. If there's any of you that lies down in damp cellars or up in dark garrets, God loves you. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son,

That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." There is something sublime and beautiful in that verse. It is God that loves us—not the Queen or Prince Albert—but God.

You remember my telling you that as I was going to preach at a certain place, and was travelling in the railway train from Liverpool, a gentleman was in the carriage with me, and we got talking about the Lord. As soon as we got acquainted, he brought himself down to my simple talk. We travelled by ourselves for some time, and, as there was no one with us, I said, "We will offer up a short prayer." He seemed quite pleased, and he prayed for God to bless me, and be with me where I was going. When we got to a certain town, a lot of navvies got into the train. They began to talk in their own dialect, and to pray God to damn one another. I said to one of them, "Hold, stop; you shall not speak a word against my father." The old man looked surprised, and said he had not been speaking about my father; so said the others. I said, "You have; you have been talking against my father." "I don't know your father." "More shame for you to say so." "What's your father's name?" said one: and I told them that God was my father. Then we got conversing about God's loving them, and when I told them that, and about other good things, they began to ask me how I knew that God loved them. I pulled out my Bible, and found this very verse, "God so loved the world." Then I began to tell them about the love of God being greater than that of parents to children, and so on.—When we got out of the train, we left them in. As we shook hands, the tears ran down their cheeks, and they said they hoped we should meet again; and one poor fellow said he did not think they should ever forget it. When we got out of the carriage a woman caught hold of my hand, and said, "Is your name Richard Weaver?" I said it was. She then told me the following story. She said, "Twelve months ago I was without a friend in this world. My four little children had only a bed of straw to lie down upon, and I could not set a meal before them. My husband was more like a devil than a man. He had just come out of prison. He saw Richard Weaver's name placarded upon a wall, and

he stood and wondered for a moment, and said, 'I know a Richard Weaver, and if it is the same man, I'll go and hear him. I am sure he'll be glad to see me.' He had not a coat to put upon his back, or shoe upon his feet, but he went out of curiosity to see the man he had worked with. When you had done preaching, you asked those who were determined to be the Lord's people to stay behind, and to come up to the penitent form. My husband came up to see you, and at that form he found the pearl of great price. I shall never forget that night," she said, "as long as I live. I was at home, and I began to think, now I shall have to turn out to-night, and take shelter under a hedge, or a cart, or somewhere; and when he came up to the door, I stood, with my babe wrapped up in an old tattered shawl trembling with fear, and my knees shook under me. 'Well,' he says, 'where are my children?' They were in bed, and he told me to go and fetch them; when I went to fetch them, I knelt down, and asked God to bless us out of doors, for I thought we should be turned out. When I came back, the father had struck a light. He took the eldest little boy in his arms, and kissed it, and said, 'The Lord bless thee, God has sent thee a father home to-night.' He kissed them all, and then turned to me, and calling me his dear wife for the first time for fourteen years, he told me the Lord had sent me a husband home to-night."

When I got down stairs the next morning, the man himself met me with open arms, with his four little children, and asked God to bless me. Now, that poor woman loved me very much, but when that is compared to the love of our God, it falls far short. It is nothing to the love which God has for us poor, sin-destroyed creatures. It is without end. Glory be to God, it is a depth without a bottom, a height without a top, a breadth without a side, a length without an end. God loves every man here to-night—my soul believes it. May the Holy Spirit bless you to-night with a personal knowledge and realisation of that blessed fact.

Some people talk a great deal about love; they sometimes say to me, "The Lord bless you! we cannot come and help you in your meetings, but the Lord bless you!" I had as lief people kept their prayers to themselves as say that.—

There's proof that a man loves you when he comes and puts his shoulder to the wheel. If you saw a team stuck at the bottom of a hill, you would not go and pity the driver, or pity the poor horses; you would go and lift up the wheel, and push up the hill. Now, there's a good deal said about love, and when people get converted, they often say they will do this thing and that thing, and nothing comes of it. But I always like to see a proof of love, and then I know it is sincere. God Almighty didn't say he pitied the world, and then leave it to perish; He gave us a proof of his love. He gave his only begotten son to die that we may live. There's many of you poor people have not much money, and you cannot put such food upon the table of your family as you ought to have. It's hard work, often, I know it is, for a poor man to get enough to have a comfortable Sunday's dinner. And suppose one of you had no bread for your children to eat, and you were to hear that I was a man that loved God, and that if you were to come to me I would help you. Suppose that when you came and knocked at my door, my wife held the door to prevent your entering, and suppose when you had told her your story, and said that your poor children were starving, she should say, "We pity your case, we will do all we can, we will pray for you, and ask God to bless you," and then thrust the door in your face; you would think that a very strange kind of love, wouldn't you? There are plenty of that sort of professors at the present time. But God is not like us, he don't say he loves us, and then gives us no proof of his love. When there was no eye to pity, and no arm to save, his own arm brought salvation down.— That salvation is free for all who seek it. Oh, there is enough in these words to draw souls out of hell, if that were possible. There is enough to draw you to-night to the blood of the dying Saviour. May God bring you right into the depths of redeeming love. "God so loved the world."

We do not come here to tell you people to go to your closets, and pray, and weep, and sigh, and groan, in order to be saved. You may be saved to-night. I tell you before God, he that believeth shall be saved. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." You men in ragged fustian jackets, who may be thinking you have not got a friend in

the world, God loves you, and is ready to save you; he wills your salvation. It is not his will that any should perish.—Glory to God, it is his will that you should take of the water of life freely. I have come from Lancashire to tell you working men of God's love. May be I shall never have the opportunity of speaking to you again. Life is uncertain and death is sure; but you may secure eternal life to-night. What a blessed thing it would be to that young man, lying in yonder prison, who, they say, has murdered his mother and the girl that was about to be his wife, if I could go to him with a Queen's pardon. Thank God though I have not got a pardon from the Queen for him, I have a message of pardon from God for all the world. May God be pleased to help you to obtain it to-night. Will you come to Jesus?—Bless the Lord, Jesus Christ has done all the work for us, and he wants us to cast our burden upon him, and rely upon him. It is not through my tears, or my prayers, or my groans, that I am to be saved, but through the blood of Christ. May you look to Christ to-night—to the blood which speaketh better things than that of Abel, which speaks Life! Life! Life! into every sin-blighted heart.

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JOY OF ANGELS.

“Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.”—Luke xv. 10.

You know these are the words of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,—they are the words of him who spake as never man spake. I would sooner take his word than any one else’s word, because he was the pure and holy God, and as a man he was the true and faithful witness, and never told a lie in all his life. The language of his lips was the language of his heart. He knew what there was on earth, and what there was in heaven; he knew what sort of creatures sinners were, and angels too: he knew all about the angelic country, for he was King of the Celestial City, and he is at the present time. It is that blessed Being, then, that tells us that “there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.”

We have to talk about this at the present time, and just to bring it home to each one of us. I must take it home as well as you. There is a poor little child sick at home at the present time in my own dwelling. Do not we always feel more about those little ones that are sick, than about those that are in health! Look at that poor weeping mother, who has watched close to that little bed, morning after morning, to give her dying child its medicine, or its gruel, expecting to see it gasp its last every moment. Her attention is exclusively devoted to her sick and dying child, and all her anxiety is to know what she can do for the little sufferer; she tries to soothe and comfort him. The physician comes, and if he can give tidings of restoration, what joy and gladness does he not bring! “There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.” And it seems to me that angels are specially interested in man’s spiritual welfare. The poor man may not have a friend in the world, and yet he may have friends in heaven. You may be crushed down and have taxes and rates to pay, and cannot get along comfortably and pay your way in the world; but

whatever your circumstances may be, if you are a Christian you have a friend in heaven. I believe that every poor working man that is godly has a guardian angel, and that when God gives over protecting us, our danger is great, and our ruin is certain. What a blessing it is to know that God's angels encamp round about the head of the poorest and humblest Christian, and that the Almighty has respect to the lowly. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God." I often thank God, as I wend my way through this sin-blighted world, to think that I have got a companion always standing by me and who says—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." When I have been working in the coalpit, the angel of God has been with me—he encamps round about those that love and fear the Lord. To those who are timid and fearful he says, "Be not dismayed, for God is by thee; and nothing shall hurt thee." "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." It is hard work, sometimes, is it not, trying to lug up the hills of difficulty, as we go along in our pilgrimage; it is hard work, and hard fighting; but let us always remember we have a friend who is ever close at our elbow. It may be Gabriel, the angel of the Most High God; but, at any rate, I believe that angelic beings are in this hall to-night; I firmly believe that my guardian angel now stands by me. When I look into Holy Writ, I find that the angels of the living God were always interested in, and promoters of, man's spiritual good. They are messengers of the Lord our God; when he tells them to go thither, they go; and when he commands them to come hither they come; and when he tells them to take his sword, and go forth to execute vengeance upon his enemies, they obey him, as in the instance of Sennacherib's army, where he slew so many thousands in one night. I believe in one Supreme Being, the Creator of this universe—the Creator of the heavens and the earth—this world in which we live. We read in Scripture, that as soon as he had made them, the morning stars sang together for joy, and the sons of God rejoiced together. I believe that he made the sun to govern by day, and the moon by night; and I believe that as soon

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as this was done, and man was created, the angels of God sang together. Before man was created, I believe the angels lived near their Creator somewhere; but where it was, I neither know nor care to know. I don't want to know the deep and hidden things of God; what is revealed is enough for me; it is just enough to take me to heaven, and bless God for that; it is enough to find out that Jesus Christ died for me. But you will find all through the Bible that the angels were interested in man's chief and highest good. Take the case of Lot—there he was, poor man, in the midst of Sodom, with blackness, and darkness, and sin, and filthiness round about him, filling the land. Yes, in the midst of all this infamy, there was that good and righteous man. Now the Lord was about to take vengeance upon this wicked city; but before he would let one flash of his lightning fall upon it, the angels of God were sent to bring Lot out. He did not know that they were angels, but he prevailed upon them to come into his house. The next morning they began to tell Lot something concerning what God was about to do to the city. The good man felt alarmed at that, for all his family were there; there was his wife—she was an enemy to his soul, she was a snare to him—and many a woman is an enemy and a snare to a pious husband. I have to thank God to-night that I have got a good Christian wife. Well, the angels were determined to have him out of the city, and they took hold of him, and his wife and daughters, and brought them out; and when they were all safe on the outside of the city, the angels said, "Escape for thy life!" He went into a little city, called Zoar; but, almost before he could get there, the Lord rained fire and brimstone, and a horrible destruction upon Sodom. Farther on in the bible you may read about Caleb and Joshua; when Joshua's enemies opposed him on every hand, he determined to fight, but not to trust in spears and swords, but wholly upon the arm of omnipotence. And he said, "God has promised to be with me, and I shall be able to go up before these enemies." He looked, and saw a being before him, with a drawn sword, and Joshua said to him: "Who art thou?" The answer is, "I am the Captain of the Lord's host."—"Then," said Joshua, "we shall gain the victory, because

we have the angel of the Lord upon our side." There are many of you who had enemies to contend with, but you have gone to your closets, and have prayed there, and thank God, you have come down from thence like giants refreshed with new wine.

Then you have the case of the three Hebrew youths. They were to be thrown into the fiery furnace, because they would not bow down before an idol God; but they trusted in an unseen God, and did not worship an image, which some called God—made of wood, and stone, and gold, and silver—they didn't like to worship him. He had ears, but he couldn't hear, for there were no drums to his ears. Their confidence was placed in another God, who could hear, and who could answer prayer. So they brought them before the king, and the princes, and nobles; but they would not bow down. When they were brought to the fiery furnace, did they flinch! No; but when they were asked if they would worship the image which the king had set up, replied: "We are not careful to answer thee upon this matter," and so on. Then they hurled them into the fiery furnace. Did the fire burn them? No; But it slew the king's enemies—for they were enemies to him who advised him to do this thing—it slew them, but did not hurt the three worthies. When the king looked, behold they were walking about unhurt in the midst of the fire, and a fourth person was there with them. And the king said: "Did we not cast in three men, and behold there are four." The Lord had driven back the fire, and turned that fiery furnace into a little heaven; and so he has turned many fiery furnaces of trial into little Bethels, has he not? When there has been this enemy here, and that roaring lion from hell yonder, and those infidels sneering here, and that worldling scoffing there, God has brought us through the fire, and has made us more than conquerors, through him who had loved us.

Then turn to the case of Daniel. Because he prayed many times a day the enemies of himself and his God did not like it. If you go into the house of one who does not love God, you will soon find out who and what the people are who live there. If you begin to talk about Jesus Christ, they will move the chairs about, and say: "Oh, we're so

busy we haven't got time to talk." Such excuses as these show me they don't like religion or prayer, but good people will say: "Let us pray for one another, for it is good for our souls." There is a great deal of outward show of godliness, without any reality, at the present time. It was not so with Daniel; he had the root of the matter in him; religion was grounded in his heart. There are many in our own day who will go to church or to chapel, as the case may be, to get sixpence more to their wages, and not because they love the Lord. Daniel loved the Lord, and he was determined that neither hell nor earth should move him from his duty. He did not care for all the noblest princes in the land; none of them should destroy his trust in the living God. When there was a decree passed to put Daniel in the lion's den, did he resolve to recant for a while, till the danger was passed, and then go and ask God to forgive him? No, no; he said,—The lion has a big mouth, but the Lord will shut it. The king could not recall the decree, but he said to Daniel: "The Lord whom thou servest, he will protect thee." He had signed his hand to the warrant for his apprehension in an unguarded moment, and then it was too late to cancel it, but he said, "The Lord go with thee!" Daniel was then put into the den of lions, but the angel of the Lord had been there already to shut the lions' mouths. He dropped upon his knees and prayed, and the Lord made that place a little Bethel to his soul. There was an angel of the Lord there to watch over him; and he lay down that night upon the lion's mane. It was the first time a prophet had lain upon such a bed. When Daniel awoke in the morning he offered up another prayer, and then he heard a cry—"Daniel! Daniel!" He knew that it was the voice of the king himself, so he answered—"O king live for ever." Then the king asked: "How is this, Daniel, that thou art not hurt?"—"Why, O king," was Daniel's answer, "because the angel of the Lord went before me, and shut the lions' mouths."—God can shut lions' mouths still. In this London, and in this hall to-night, my friends, he has got the same power now as he has always had.

When the good news of salvation was to be proclaimed to this sin-stricken world, that God would emancipate man-

kind from death, and sin, and destruction, and hell, and eternal woe, through his only Son, just before the Saviour came into the world, angels were sent who brought the glad tidings. It was an angel who first appeared to Mary, and announced the fact of her being chosen to bring the Saviour to man to redeem the world. She was, indeed, blessed above all women in this. At the birth of Christ, there flashed a light over Bethlehem's plains, such as had never been seen before; fear, trembling, and dismay filled the breasts of the shepherds, who were there keeping their flocks by night, and they began to run hither and thither, when, lo! a cry was heard of—"Fear not, shepherds, we bring you glad tidings of great joy, for unto you is born, in the city of David, a Saviour—Christ the Lord." Then there was heard a heavenly choir singing. What was it? It was—"Glory to God 'in the highest, on earth peace, and good-will to man!" When our blessed Lord and Saviour took the cup in the garden, and passed over the little brook, and knelt before his Heavenly Father, with the cup of our sins in his hand, of which he was to drink even the very dregs, the angel of the Lord appeared and strengthened him. And when they laid Jesus in the tomb, the angels were watching over him, and appeared to those who came to seek him on the third day. As soon as the apostles began to preach Christ and him crucified, the devil said—"These are the men who are turning the world upside down; we will put them in prison and put a stop to this. These are the men, who, at the day of Pentecost, preached so that the people cried out—"What shall we do to be saved?" So they put Peter and John in prison. They each slept there between two soldiers, and I dare say had as good a night as ever they had in their lives; while, yonder, the Christians were praying, "Lord, deliver Peter!" And according to their faith was it granted unto them; for, as they were praying, an angel came with a key that can unfasten any lock, or draw back any bolt, and entered the prison, and said to Peter—"arise!" Peter jumped up and shook himself; and the angel commanded him to follow him; and accordingly, he and John followed him out of the prison, and were both free. That is the way the Lord can do to-night with you whose souls are in bondage

Our text is not concerning the delivery of the good and righteous Lot from Sodom; it is not concerning the delivery of Joshua from his enemies; nor of the three Hebrew youths from the furnace of fire; nor of Daniel from the den of lions: nor of Peter and John from the prison house; nor even the redemption of this world. No, bless God, it has to do with the poor sinner coming from sin to Jesus. There are many men who cannot say amen when they see poor sinners coming to Jesus. They think it all excitement. Thank the Lord for it; it is good excitement when sinners are converted to God, and find peace and rest in believing. Satan cannot do that, and he does not want us to do it either. There is power enough, however, for this in the gospel, and Jesus tells us that "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

But there are some who say this repentance will not last. They say, "It will go on very well for a little time, but stay till the wakes and fairs come round, and we shall see where it will be." But I reply, The God who can keep me one hour, can keep me twenty years, and he has said—"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." In a town where I lived once was an old woman who was converted from Romanism. When this was known to the priest, he went to her, and pronounced his curse upon her. When he had done, the poor old convert said—"Thank God, sir, my heavenly Father does not say that to me. Thank God, sir, there is a hedge round about all God's people so high that your curse can't get over, and so thick that it can't get through; and the angels of God encamp round about all them that love and fear him, and God knows I love and fear him." Surely there is joy in heaven over every sinner that repenteth.

Suppose you had a prodigal son—some of you pious mothers, and some of you fathers, who magnify the Lord in your life and conduct—and suppose he came home in rags upon his back, would you not receive him! Yes, I know you would. There was a man whom I knew who had an undutiful lad, who went to be a soldier, and he came back some years afterwards with only one eye, and with a broken arm, and with clothes you would not give twopence for. The father saw the youth coming, and he received him with open

arms. There are men who scoff and sneer, and say there is nothing in religion; but sinners *have* been converted, and there is a cry in heaven of—"Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood, to him be glory for ever and ever. Amen." He does all things well. Yet, I believe, if Christ were to come here, there are many who would not come to hear him, because he would not be intellectual enough for them, some people like intellectual things, —but the Lord liked to talk about those things that were interesting. He always tried to make things so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, might not err therein.—It is plain in this chapter before us. The Saviour illustrates this by the parable of the woman having ten pieces of silver, who, when she had lost one of them, which she had taken great pains to find, and when she had found the missing piece, rejoiced with her neighbour. So does the Saviour, as we come to him, and the angels rejoice as they see us coming to Christ. Praying fathers and praying mothers that are dead, praying children that are dead, could they but look and see you coming to Jesus, they would raise such a joyful shout in heaven of—

"Worthy the Lamb who lives again,
For us to intercede."

Thank God, we have a friend that does love us, and is yet alive.

Christ also asks us—"Which of you, having a hundred sheep, and one of them goes astray, would you leave it in the wilderness?" Some of you are farmers, perhaps, and if you have a hundred sheep, when you get home you begin to count them and find one missing; you count again but there is one lost. Do you go into the house and sit down, and never say a word about the loss? No. You say as soon as you get in—"There is one of the sheep gone, there must be an enemy got in, all the doors of the fold are secure, it must have got over the hurdles and strayed away." The devil can always help us over the wall. Well, when the farmer goes to bed that night, he thinks about that lost sheep, and dreams about it, and when he awakes he thinks about it still. It is foremost in his mind, and when he gets up in the morning he says: "Well, I will just go out and

search for that sheep," and he goes down one field after another, and he sees the prints of its poor little feet, and he looks this way and that way, and says, "I will find it." He knows the course of the country, and he thinks if it goes too far it will perish in the bog; presently he hears the faint cry of the poor little sheep, and he knows it is nearly perishing. He takes another spring over the marshy land and then another, and there he sees it, with its head just out of the bog. How harmless it looks, as if it said: "Help me out, master!" You get it, and it is all black, and covered with mud; how different it looks from what it did when it wandered from the fold.—He puts it upon his back and takes it home; there is a little brook down in the orchard, it is a running stream, and he carries it there and washes it; the children come running out to meet him, as he returns with the lost one, and they cry out—"Father's got it; but it's a black sheep!" "O," says the mother, "it must have been in some ditch." While it was being washed the little ones run around, and presently it is brought white and clean; when it is set down at first, it totters and cries, as much as to say: "Thank you, sir;" and then it goes into the fold. But the sun soon shines upon it, and before long it is as frisky and playful as ever. Thank God, we who have gone astray, like a lost sheep, have a friend who is the shepherd and bishop of our souls! Jesus sees us down in the field, in the mire and the bog, and you cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And the Devil says, "You are too black to be saved." Christ says, "There's a fountain opened for the house of David, for sin and for uncleanness;" and he takes you, not upon his shoulder, but in his bosom, and he carries you to that fountain, and washes you from all sin: and then the Sun of Righteousness shines down upon you, and you sing:—

"Thrice happy, happy day,
When God washed all my sins away."

Is it not so! Christ came to seek and to save the lost, and he can wash away all your sins. You are none too black, none too far off from him, none too much sunk in misery. Thank God there is still a fountain open that can wash all your sins away, and cleanse you from all iniquity. It is not

a stagnant pool, but it is a running stream, and flows out of the throne of God, and runs through the world, and wherever it flows sinners are washed from their sins. Thank God, it can save to-night, even the vilest transgressors, for "Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." May God in his mercy enable you to receive this truth. Then, not only in heaven will there be joy, but there will be joy somewhere else too. There is a poor woman here to-night, perhaps, who has prayed often for her husband, and asked God to bless him. The husband has come here it may be out of curiosity, and the word touches him, and the text goes home to his heart, and he turns to God, and has faith in the love of Christ. I ask you, would not that man's conversion be a source of greater rejoicing in his own home, and to his wife's heart, than if any one were to offer her a thousand pounds? The money would be a matter of time only, but the salvation of his soul would be a theme for eternal rejoicing.

I remember a poor child coming to me once, when I was sitting at breakfast, and saying, "Richard" (I always let children call me by that name), "Richard, will you come and pray for my father?" I said, "Yes, I will." She had a poor little starving babe in her arms, and an old tattered shawl round her, while the tears were in her eyes. The child said, "Father nearly killed my mother last night—can the Lord save my father? If you will come and pray for him I think he will, for the Lord will hear prayer." Well I went with her, and she took me into a dark cellar, where there was only a small candle to light me down. As we went along, the child kept constantly asking, "Won't God save my father?" won't he save him to-day?" And I said, "Yes, he will, if your father looks to him." In the cellar I saw a poor woman, with both her eyes swollen and black from the cruelty of her husband; the child went up to her, and told her she had been to ask me to come and pray for her father. The wife could not see me, but she knew my voice, and said, "O, sir, I have seen better days, but this is all through drink." Now, you drunkards, take heed to this, and may the Lord bless you, and save you. She continued—"I have seen better days, but through all my poverty I loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and nothing in this world—though I am so poor,

with my six children—nothing in this world would do me so much good as my husband's conversion!" "And do you love your husband yet?" I asked. "If I did not love him, sir, who would?"—was her reply. She opened her bosom, and I saw it was all black and bruised with her husband's brutal violence.

The child then said to her mother, "Mother, can't the Lord save my father?" "O yes, He can save him, but the drink has kept him back." I asked where he was?—She answered, "He is in a drunkard's bed—a bed of straw." The husband heard me, and he came out of his den, and he looked at me, and glanced at his wife, and he sat down upon the only seat there was, and that was formed of a brick and a board, and put his hands upon his knees, and presently looked at her, he said, "I would sooner take that knife and commit suicide than live another day." "O, my husband," said the poor wife, "don't do that, the Lord will forgive you, and make me happy yet." And then the little girl cried out, "Yes, the Lord can save you; and shan't we be happy if you are converted! Won't you give your heart to God to-day, father?" The father looked at his little child and then at his wife, and he said, "What have I done to my poor wife? I have my two pound, or fifty shillings a week, and I might have a happy home, but it is the drink which does the harm." I said, "Give it up to-day, and ask the Lord to bless you. Come to Jesus; He will save you." He looked at me and he said, "Do you think he will save a rebel like me?" Then he went up to his wife, and said, "Will you forgive me?" The child then said, "Father, I will pray for you," and they knelt down, and the little creature said, "Lord, make my father into a good father." The poor man began to believe, and he soon ventured all upon Jesus, and said, "I do believe." Since then they have met me, and the poor woman said, "O, sir, you have done such a thing in my house that all the world beside could not have done." "Bless the Lord for that," I said. And the man said, "The Lord be with you! I am determined to gain the promised land." There is rejoicing, is there not with you women, if your husbands are converted! Though some of you are not converted, yet you wish your husbands were, do you not? A woman once said to me:

"Though I am not a Christian, I wish my husband was." Now, this is what I would say to you—you get converted, and pray for your husbands. And I say to you men—if you will come to Jesus to-night your wives will rejoice. If any one will rejoice, it is the wife that loves you; she would be happy indeed to-night, if that were so, and your children would be glad. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine which go not astray." There are plenty of people in this hall to-night who say, "Well, I am as good as you—I pay my way, and I've got my seat at chapel; is there anything else required?" Yes, there is something against you;—like that drunkard here to-night, who has got such a score at a public-house—how will he be able to pay it off? But, suppose a friend who is able to pay it, resolves to sweep off that score for him. That is what Jesus has done for you; he carried your debt to the cross, and he has nailed it there, and said—"It is finished!"

There is that poor harlot, that poor street walker. What blessed things those midnight meetings are! I was at Euston Road the other night, speaking to those poor frail creatures. They were some pious mother's children, many of them, some time. As I looked at them my heart wept; there was not a young nor an old woman to whom I did not say, "My dear sister, the Lord can save you, he loves you, and he has died for you." I saw there were some who shed tears. There was one whom I was very sorry for. She said to me, "I have got a little baby; if I come in to-night what will become of it?" I said may the Lord bless you, and your child too. Last Friday night there were seventeen in one place who determined to turn to the Lord. Bless the Lord that He has put it into the heart of our rich friends to open a door of escape for these poor creatures. When I see them in the street it makes me very wretched.

There is one to-night who has strayed in, and I say to her—the Lord is willing to bless thee. Although men may spurn you, do not think that you are too bad to be saved by the Saviour. His arms of mercy are open to receive you to-night. Though men may call thee a harlot, he calls thee a sinner, and that is a title to his love and grace. Would

it not gladden the heart of that poor mother, who is still alive, to be told, through a letter from me, that thou hadst been converted to God? Would there not be happiness in that house to-night! and if she is dead, and gone to heaven, and her latest words were "Lord, save my poor daughter!" if any could rejoice in heaven, it would be that mother of thine. There was a poor harlot in the midst of a meeting in Manchester, who sat there with a powdered face, as many who are not harlots have now. It is wonderful to me why people paint. Well, this poor woman sat there trembling while the speaker was talking about the same subject that I have chosen to-night, and about praying mothers. This young woman asked—"Can the Lord save me?" She was told that he would save her if she believed on him, no matter how dark her character might be. This poor young creature was induced to go into the refuge, and she became converted there. Her home had been about six miles from Manchester, and she wanted to know if her mother was still living. A friend offered to go with her to her mother's house. The man of God, who accompanied her, asked of the neighbours if Mrs.——was at home, and they told him she was upon the point of death. He asked to see her, and they conducted him to the dying woman's bedside. He spoke to her, and she expressed herself as being very happy; but still he could see tears in her eyes. She continued: "It is all right within; I have found the pearl of great price." When he offered to pray with her, she said, "Oh yes, pray for me, for the prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Seeing she was still in tears, he asked her what it was that distressed her? She replied, "I have only one trouble, but that is a great one; if I could but have it removed before I died I should be happy; I have only one child, and she is a poor street-walker in Manchester. I used to put my hands upon her head, and ask the Lord to bless her." "My dear sister," said the visitor, "I will fetch your daughter to you." "What?" said she, "is my daughter yet alive?" The young woman then came in, and went up to her mother's bedside, and said: "Mother? will you forgive me?"—"Oh!" the mother said, "I never had aught against you, ask God to forgive you." "He has forgiven me," said the daughter: "will you forgive

me?" The mother clasped her daughter in her arms, and looking to heaven said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." There was still one trial left, and that was in connection with her father, who had always said he would never forgive her, and never suffer her to cross his threshold again. The poor girl wanted much to see him. Presently he returned, and the daughter, in fear of him, laid herself in the curtains of the bed until the man of God should break to him the news of her return. He said to the father "Your poor wife seems to be very ill." "Yes," he answered; "and when I lose her I lose all. It is all the work of a bad daughter, and I wish that girl was dead and damned this moment."

The mother asked him if he would not forgive her child if she were to come home again. "No," was his response, "if she were to set her foot in here, I would be the death of her." "What!" said the wife, with tears in her eyes, "would you not allow my daughter to pay me one visit before I died?" "Yes," he said, "he would not forbid her just to see her mother, but she would not see him, nor stay in the house." The girl was called out and she was almost broken-hearted. Her mother clasped her in her arms, and said, "If your father will not forgive you, God will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "O mother, I cannot leave thee," said the daughter, "I wish I could die with thee." Then she dropped upon her knees before her father, and asked his forgiveness. "No," he replied, "I wish you were dead and damned!" But she put her arms around him, and kissed his cheek, as she asked him again to forgive her. It awakened the recollection of by-gone days, when, a young innocent girl, she had been held in her father's arms, and he began to relent, and said, "I will forgive thee!"

Sinners, I have not got to tell you, God will not forgive you. You have only to come to him to receive forgiveness and salvation. But if you do not come, you will be lost forever, for he has said: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations who forget God." Come at once, or you may be in hell before we meet again. Your Father is willing, and Christ is willing, and the angels are waiting to rejoice at your salvation. Many of you have got children who

are gone to heaven, and are now wearing the crown, while you are unconverted. How would they rejoice if you were to be saved. Some of you too, before me, have had mothers who taught you on your knees to say, "Our Father, which art in heaven." My mother taught me that prayer at her knees, and those words haunted me always afterwards. When I was converted, they were the first words which came to me. I ask you, would it not gladden a pious mother's bosom, in the heavenly land, to know that her child was saved! My mother is in heaven; she can see me and my labours in London now. Her last words to me, as she put her hands upon my head were, "Lord, bless my child!" Can you not remember your pious mother's last words? Remember, she asked you to meet her in heaven. Thank God, Christ is a living Saviour for sinners, and you may yet come to him and find peace.

What do you who are converted say? Can we get any one to volunteer to serve Christ? Who will come to Christ? Who will be happy to-night? Who will decide? You must decide for Christ at once, or be damned for all eternity. May the Lord bless and save you, for his mercy's sake. Amen.

THE SAINT'S REJOICING.

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."—Luke ii. 29, 30.

Thank God, religion is not designed to make our pleasures less. I would not give much for that man's religion who could not show it in his face. To the Christian, there is no cause for sorrow; for, being justified by faith, he has peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. If we have indeed peace with God, we have everything we need. May God be with you, and help you to find this to-night: may you be blessed with that joy which exceeds everything the world calls pleasure, and which nothing in this world can rob you of,—which no tyrannizing master can despoil you of, and which passeth all understanding,

The passage which dwells on my mind to-night is the prayer which I have read to you—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

I remember once, when I was in a certain town, I had to pass from door to door to visit the inmates. In one of the houses there was a poor widow woman, who had been lying ill upon her bed for about six months. That poor old creature had no friends to support her, and she was dependent upon the parish, who allowed her one shilling and sixpence a week. Would to God the people who gave a poor old woman such a pittance had to live upon it for three weeks or a month; they would know then what it was to be poor and in need. When I saw this poor woman lying there, I felt it my duty to relieve her distress, both of mind and body.—She paid one shilling a week for the place she lived in, and then she had sixpence a week to support her. That was just a penny a day, and starve on Sunday. But God is good, and God can hear and answer prayer. On one occasion, when I went in, her landlord had just been there bothering the poor old creature for his rent. He wanted the money, he said, or the bed she was lying on. The tears were upon

her cheeks, I could see, and when she put out her hand to me, she burst out crying again, and the big drops ran down her furrowed and sunken cheeks. "I am so thankful that you have come," she said, "for my landlord has just been here for his sixteen shillings of rent, or else he must have the bed I lie upon; I shall not be here very long, and then he can have the furniture to pay himself with. I would to God that the Lord would take me." That poor woman lay for some time longer. The Lord helped her in her distress, and a friend came in who paid the money for her. What a blessed deed that was! One morning I was called in to see her, as she was near her departure. She had one daughter, who lived in the town, and who had come in to see her before her death. I shall never forget the sight as long as I live. We all know something, by experience, of the love of parents, especially of praying, pious fathers and mothers. When I went in, with my Bible in my hand, I saw her with her arms round the neck of her daughter. She said to me, "Thank God, you have come to take a last farewell of me before I depart. Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." I said to her, "Well, sister, have you experienced the truth of that part of God's Word to-day?" "My dear Richard," she answered, "blessed be God, my daughter has just now found the pearl of great price, and she has professed her hope of meeting her dying mother in the land of pure delight. Thank God, there will be no parting in heaven, and I can die happy now." Ah! it was indeed a blessed sight to see that aged mother, with her arms locked around her weeping daughter, and saying, "All is well!" as she departed from this life.

The words of my text were the words of aged Simeon. It had been revealed to him that he should not die till he had seen the Messiah's birth. He had been waiting for many years for this time to come. Babe after babe was born in Bethlehem, but not the little stranger that he wanted to behold. At last, however, he had heard that the plains of Bethlehem were lit up with a light superior to any light in that place, or to any light that had ever shone before upon this sin-blighted world. He had heard the tidings of that

bright and morning star—the Star of Bethlehem—which had directed the shepherds in their course. And he said, when these things were told him, “I will go and watch for him as he comes to his temple, and I shall be able to distinguish him; the Lord will tell me by his Holy Spirit, for has he not revealed it to me, that I shall not taste of death till I have seen the Lord’s Christ?” At last, one day, a virgin, bearing an infant in her arms, and such a one as had never been seen in the temple before—no mother had ever carried such a child into that temple before. He is lying (a lovely and helpless babe) on his mother’s breast, but he is conscious of all around him. If he had a mind he could speak, and though, but a babe, he could tell all the thoughts of his mother’s mind. Poor old Simeon sees him, and knows at once that he is the Saviour. “I should not like to die,” says he, “till I had held that dear babe in my arms. I have had many a babe in my arms, but that is the Infant of Days, a babe superior to all his race, who is the mighty God, and who has come into the world to raise it from sin and perdition.” The mother let him take the babe in his arms. The Virgin Mary looked upon the aged patriarch, upon his hoary locks, his flowing beard, and saw the tear standing in his eye, while his heart’s joy glistened in his countenance; as he says, “Lo! I have been waiting for this little lamb these many years; and I knew that this babe was the Christ as soon as I looked upon it. Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.” The Scriptures do not tell us whether poor old Simeon died then or not,—and that is no business of mine, but it suggests to me a word to say to every poor sinner here this evening. I remember the time when I was seeking hither and thither for comfort and happiness; going to this place and that place of worldly amusement to get peace: I used to go to boxing matches, to saloons, and theatres in search of pleasure. But, O, my friends, earthly pleasure is like a bubble upon the ocean, it soon bursts; it is like the thorns which they put under the pot, they blaze for a while, but they are soon consumed. There is joy, but it is but for the night, and sorrow cometh in the morning. You, young man, who have been to the theatre, and you, young woman, who have paid a

shilling to go to the pit—thank God, it is not the pit of hell—though the pit of hell is on the other side—if you had died in that place damnation would have been your doom. You, young man, and young woman, I ask you, did you get any peace, or happiness, or comfort there, while the man who had blackened his face sang the negro songs? or can Sims Reeves, with his beautiful voice, give you peace and joy, and comfort? I ask you, would you like to depart this life in a theatre, or in a saloon? “No, Richard Weaver,” you say, “if I died then, awful would have been my doom.” Thank God, you are yet alive, but still you have tried to get pleasure here; and that poor poverty-stricken husband over there has tried to drown his sorrows at the public-house, while his poor starving wife follows after him, in her tattered dress, and her poor puny infant in her arms, and in she goes with eyes blackened by her husband’s violence, and her cheeks bruised and bleeding. The man, perhaps with a harlot at his side, takes no notice of the wife who stands before him, but he calls to the landlord to give him another threepen’orth of gin. The poor wife looks at him as he drinks it off, and says to him, “O John, look at my poor starving babe in my arms, look at my ragged dress; I have had no bread to eat.” But the husband heeds her not, though she has, it may be, four children starving at home, in that dark damp cellar; and when he lifts the glass, and looks at the gleaming liquid, he sees, if he does not say, “Here is the bread out of my wife’s and my children’s mouths; here are the shoes off my children’s feet, here are the clothes from off their backs, here is the roof from over their heads; here is death, here is hell, here is perdition: although there is all that in this glass, I will not forsake it.” O man, there is the curse of thy family in that glass! Can you get peace at a public-house? Can you purchase real happiness there? I have been within bar parlours; I have stood in tap-rooms; I have stood there until the black floor has been covered over with filth. I have stood in it at such times, and I say such a place cannot give comfort or pleasure. As a man who has had bitter experience in such courses, I deny it; and, as a man whose heart and talents God has changed, I deny it. Go, as I have gone, into their wretched homes, where their children are dying of

want; where, if they lie down, it is only upon a wisp of straw, picked up from some corner. Ask that poor broken-spirited wife, who runs to hide her youngest child as you approach, lest you should see that it is as naked as it was born—so wretched has their condition become. Ask her if her husband finds peace at the public-house. No. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." God declares it; I believe it; and you know it by experience. May God save you from such misery to-night. It is all a delusion. That is the way the Devil throws dust in men's eyes, while he bids them come hither, and go thither, and they shall have comfort. I have tried it for twenty-five years. At the age of fifteen, I ran away from my mother's door. I bade farewell to my mother's cot, and to my mother's advice. But did I get comfort? No. I have been in the lowest haunts of iniquity, but I found no peace there. I have been in the society of harlots and thieves, and among all sorts of men, but there was no peace for me there. I remember a young man once who was addicted to drinking, and other forms of vice. He was lodging at a certain house away from home. But he had got a good old pining mother, and she had prayed for that lad many a time, asking, as an answer to her prayers, that she might not depart till she had seen her son's salvation. That lad went up stairs one day when he was very wretched and unhappy, and was determined to do the same thing to himself that that young man, of whom you have all read this week, has done to his mother and his two little brothers. He got a piece of chalk and marked upon the place, for he could not write, but endeavoured to mark it as well as he could, what he intended to do; and then he took a razor and began drawing it backwards and forwards upon his shoe to sharpen it; and while he was doing this the thought came into his mind—"My poor old mother prayed for me; what will she think when they tell her the lad she has prayed for has committed suicide? But I cannot live in this way any longer; I am so unhappy, there is no pleasure. I am a poor wretched sinner, and I may just as well go to hell first as last, for that is my doom." And the young man wrapped his handkerchief about the handle of his razor; but just as he was about to draw it over his throat, the thought of his

praying mother came again into his mind, and he drops the razor, and runs down stairs to the woman, and says, "Mrs.—, I have been attempting to commit suicide!" and he covers his face with his hands, and sits trembling in a corner. The poor woman drops upon her knees, and she says, "Lord have mercy upon you." The young man begins to weep, and wring his hands, and tear his hair, and to curse the day when he was born. She looks at him, and, although she is an unconverted woman, she says to him, "There is hope for you yet." The poor young man looked at her. "Well," said he, at length, "I am determined to lead a different life from this time." But, O, my brethren, that young man did not go to the right source; he trusted, at first, to his own strength but finally he was led to believe in Jesus. And that young man is Richard Weaver, who stands here to-night before you, to thank God he is out of hell. And, thank God, I can say to-night, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." One time I could not have said that; I was terrified at the thought of death, and the last judgment filled me with affright; but now the terror of death is done away with in the blood of Jesus Christ. Thank God, through that blood—

"Now I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies;
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

I bless the living God that Christ has died for me. Some of you, Christian brethren, can remember the time when, like me, you had no title-deed to the better country; but now you can say, We are on our way to the city of the living God—there's our home and portion there, and the prize is before us. You can remember when you were unwashed by the blood of the Lamb; but through the mercy of God you can also remember when your dear Saviour took you in his arms, and you could say—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

We whose hearts God has changed don't look to this world for peace. No, we are on our march to heaven.—

Through the blood of Jesus we are washed from our sins, and we can now look forward to the crystal fountain and the jasper walls. And in that hour when our poor body is heaving to and fro in mortal agony, and our pulse is ceasing to beat, and our blood to flow, and when the medicine that stands by our bedside can do us no more good, and the children who are soon to become fatherless are weeping around us—then we can look up, and say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." Glory be to God that Christ ever came to take away the sting of death. May your be enabled, who are unconverted, to come to Christ; you can find peace nowhere else.

I can remember, in the Sabbath-school of a little chapel, a little boy who was taught by an aged man, with furrowed cheeks and silvery hair. He used to put his hand upon the little scholar's head, and pray that God might bless him. One day, the little boy was very noisy and rude in the school, and when the teacher asked him to be quiet the only reply he got was a kick on the leg from the boy, who told him to go to hell. Tears gushed in the old man's eyes; he dropped upon his knees, and said, "Lord, bless thee, lad. Before I depart may I see thy salvation in the saving of this lad's soul, the Lord bless thee, lad!" For some fifteen years after this the old man had never met the lad. He had gone constantly to the chapel, and he has gone there many a time when there has been no one but God and himself, and they have had a good meeting, nevertheless. One day, when he was in a little village, he saw a large placard, announcing that a certain young man was going to preach. He knew his name, and he said, "I will go and hear him." When he went into the chapel, the young man was preaching in his way. The old man knelt down, and after the other had done speaking, he held up his furrowed hands, and raised his dim eyes to heaven, and said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." The young man preached all that week in the same village; the blessing of God was largely poured out upon the people, and hundreds were brought to a knowledge of the truth, through the blood of the Lamb. At the end of the week he was called to attend the dying bed of a

very old man. When he went into his room the aged wife was at his bedside weeping, as much as to say, "O Lord, let me depart with him." As soon as he approached the dying man's bed, the latter caught hold of his hand, saying, "O, my dear young friend, you forget me, don't you?"—"Oh no, I don't forget you," was the reply. "Do you remember me in that school," continued he, "putting my hand upon your head, and asking God to bless you?" "O yes," said the young man. "Thank God, then," said the other, "for now my prayer is answered, I can now die happy in the Lord." Then he asked them to sing his favourite hymn—"All is well." His speech seemed at last to have left him, but his daughter, who was anxious that he should leave behind him a triumphant testimony to the truth, asked him, "Now, if you can speak, tell me all is well, and if not, hold up your hand father." The old man raised himself up, and with a dying effort cried out, "Victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb!" and almost immediately after departed. Thank God, that young man is here, and he it is who is speaking to you. Let God be praised for what Christ can do.

When the good martyr—the first man that died for his blessed master the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—he upon whom Richard Weaver rests all his hope, for there is no prop like the blood of Jesus Christ—nay, there is no support beside that of which John speaks, when he says, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin"—when, I say that first martyr, Stephen, was being stoned to death for the Most High God, and was near his end, he saw heaven opened, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God.

When aged Paul came to die, he laid his fetters on one side and said, "I am now ready to depart. I have fought a good fight, I have kept thy faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory, which Christ, the righteous Judge shall give me, and not to me only." There is something which concerns you and me, my friends down there in the body of the hall, to you up there in the galleries, and to you behind me; "and not unto me only," says Paul, "but also to all them that love his appearing." David, when he drew near to death, after all his adultery, and all his blackness—through the mercy of God, he was forgiven his transgressions,

David, when he was on the verge of the valley, what does he say! Is he afraid to brave the storms; is he afraid to enter the dark valley; does he look round for some one to go with him? No, he says, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." How is it? Is it because his mind is centered upon the absolution of either Pope or priest? No; but he gives the reason—"For thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Glory be to God, there are many now who can say the same.—Christ's word comforts us, because the glory of the Saviour lights up the valley, and therefore we fear no evil. If it is as dark as hell when Christ enters it, he can light it up with heavenly glory, and with such a lamp from heaven, we have no cause to fear evil.

But what a contrast does the sinner's end present! I have stood at the bedside of dying unbelievers, and seen the last moments of infidels. I was once working in a coal mine at a certain place. It was soon after I had become converted to God. There was a sceptic there working with me, one who denied the being of God, and the power of his grace to save sinners. We were driving north and south levels, as we call them; we were down there at midnight. There was no one there but God, and the devil, and I, and he, and his little boy. As it is the custom of Christians, so I, when I came to supper, thanked God for what I had to eat and drink.—And when I had eaten my bit of supper, I began to pray, and asked him to join me. He asked me what there was to pray for; for he scoffed and sneered at religion. However, the little fellow knelt down at my side, as much as to say, "Amen, if he wont take notice, I will." When we were about to go to our work, I said to the man, "You are an infidel!" and he said, "I am." I said, "I believe in Christianity, and I believe that the blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed me from all sin, and that if I die in this coal-pit to-night heaven is my home, for Christ has declared, "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." And if you were to die to-night, in your unbelieving state, hell is your portion." We parted, and I went to my work. When I had done filling the hole I had bored, I was about to apply the match to fire the train, when

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I heard a cry coming along the working. It drew nearer, and nearer, and presently I could make out the poor boy's voice, as he cried to me, "O, Richard, my father's dead." He led me to where he had left his father. He laid hold of my hand, and guided me along, and I shall never forget the poor child's agonizing cry, which he constantly repeated, and which echoed in the dark pit as we went along. "My father's dead! what will my poor mother do now? my father's dead! my father's dead!" When I reached the place I found the poor fellow was lying on his face. Upon his back was a great lump of coal, which had fallen out of the roof upon him, and crushed him to the earth. I tried to heave it off from him, but could not stir it. It took four men afterwards to remove it, and get him from beneath it. There was no one at hand to assist me but the little boy, who could cry and wring his hands in the agony of his grief. I seized my pick, and endeavoured to break the lump upon the poor fellow's back, as the only chance of releasing him. Just then he heaved a sigh, and I could hear he was still alive. Presently he spoke, and said, "O, Richard, tell my poor wife I am dying here. Tell her to train up my children in the way to heaven—tell my wife to tell my children, when they have laid me in the grave, that their father is dead and damned!" My friends what a dreadful thought! Here he was denying God, and as he lay at hell's dark door, his last words were, "Tell my wife I am dead and damned." Who can tell the throbbing of that poor wife's heart, as her little boy runs home, and clinging round her, he cries, "Mother, father's dead!" When the body was taken home, one little boy whispers to his almost broken-hearted mother, "Is father asleep?" And she has to say to him, "My little lamb, your father is dead." I can never forget the scene at the funeral. The poor woman sat at the head of the corpse, while round her were grouped the orphan children, and the friends who had come to pay a last visit to the man whom they had known as a neighbour, or loved as a friend. There were, too, his old grey-headed father and mother. I was there taking my last look at him; and, as I looked upon his black cheeks, as he lay in his coffin, I said aloud, "Poor fellow! he is gone to his reward." The widow looked at me with

tears in her eyes, and said, "O, Richard, did he not tell you anything to say to me before he died?" The little boy answered for me, and said, "Yes, mother; father told Richard to tell you he was dead and damned." The poor woman swooned when she heard that. When she came to herself, she said, "What! my husband dead and damned!" It was indeed a heart-breaking scene, which I hope never to see again. Take warning, wicked fathers and mothers, lest your end be like his. Take warning, for God cannot look upon sin; and he has said, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." And he has also declared that only "he that believeth shall be saved." May God save you all to-night. I don't care how black you are. I don't care how far you may be sunk in sin, how degraded you may have become, how polluted you are; Christ can save you; his blood can wash away your sins, and the angels may rejoice over you in this hall to-night. It is time for you to come, it is time for you to begin to pray.

I have got sorrow to contend with, and affliction awaits me, perhaps, when I get home; yet it will gladden my heart much, as I travel, and as each mile brings me nearer Lancashire, and also when friends come in to see me after I get home, and to ask me how I got on in London—it will gladden me much to be able to say, "The Lord has been saving sinners, and his grace has been abundantly poured out upon my work." I was gladdened to-day when a man said to me, "Thank God, sir, that ever you came to London; I have found salvation and peace through your coming." And it will gladden my heart, when they write to me down there, and tell me what God is doing in London, and how he is blessing the work of his labourers here. Yes, the blessing of the Lord has been felt. I can depart in peace, and although I may never meet some who are in this hall on earth again—yet I hope to meet many of you on the other side of Jordan, where parting shall be no more.

I was present once at the bedside of a little girl who was dying, but who loved the Saviour although her father was an infidel. I was called into the chamber, and saw this little saint depart this life for the celestial country. When I had been there a little while she asked me to sing. I asked her

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what I should sing, and she said, "O sing me, Richard, 'There is a land of pure delight.'" Then I sang the verse—

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

"O! she said,

"How I long to be there,
Its glories to share,
And to lean upon Jesus' breast."

When I had done singing, she put out her hands, and I caught the gleam of her dying eyes. She turned to her mother, and said to her, "Mother dear, will you meet me in heaven?" The mother could only weep, and say, "O, my dear child!" But the little saint went on, "Don't you love me, mother?" "O, yes, I do love you, my dear little one," she replied. "Well then," said she, "if you love me, won't you meet me in heaven?" The mother, overcome, fell down and said, "The Lord save me!" Then the little one turned her head upon her pillow, and, looking at her father, said, "Father dear, do you love your dying Annie?" "O, yes, I do love you," he replied. "Then," said the child, "won't you meet me in heaven?" The father never answered her; he was a believer in the creed of Tom Paine and his "*Age of Reason*," which can never give happiness in the dying hour. She repeated the question to him, when he burst into tears, and said, "O, my dear child, my dear Annie!" Again she put the question to him, "Father! will you meet me in heaven?" At length he dropped upon his knees, and said, "If Christ can save a wretch like me, I will meet you, by the love of the Saviour, in heaven." There, locked in the arms of their dying child, they both promised to meet her above. Since that day the mother has died, and on her death-bed was able to cry, "Victory! through the blood of the Lamb." That is what I have to ask you, who are listening to me in this hall to-night—will you meet me in heaven? May be, I shall never have the privilege of addressing you again, and I implore you, therefore, before God and my Saviour, will you meet me in heaven? I ask you, by the

blood of Christ, which cleanses from all sin—will you meet me in heaven? Who among you will meet Richard Weaver there? Those of you who will meet me there, put up your hands. Thank God! we have got some who have gone before who will be glad to see our salvation. Many of you poor women have parted with children who have gone to glory, although you had to bury them in a parish coffin.—These have gone before you to the promised land. You remember them, mothers, fathers, when they stretched their little hands in death, and you have kissed them for the last time, and whispered, “We will meet in heaven.” You have nursed them on your knees, and Christ has taken them in his arms to heaven. Some of you have pious mothers in the glory-land. You can remember her hand clasping yours, and the glory which lit up the valley of death when she cried, “Farewell, Mary! Farewell, all! I am going to heaven; Jesus is there. Farewell to this world for ever!” And up there the mother who bare us is living to-night. Thank God for the mother who put her hand upon my head, and gave me her parting blessing.

And now, my dear friends, I shall leave what I have said with you. I have done all I could while I have been with you. If there is any one here to-night who neglects this warning, and dies without repenting of his sins, and believing in Jesus for salvation, I say to you most solemnly, before God, and with this Bible in my hand, I am clear of his blood. I shall see you at the bar of God. There may be some here who, when we meet at the last day, will be on the left hand of the throne, and Christ will then say, “Richard! this is the man whom you pointed out in St. Martin’s Hall, and whom you warned to seek salvation, but he disbelieved, and he must depart into everlasting punishment, prepared for the Devil and his angels.” You who are washed by the blood of the Lamb, put up your hands that we may see who are on the Lord’s side. Thank God for so many who can rejoice in the name of Emmanuel. Are there any who are not yet saved, but who desire to come to Jesus? If there are, put up your hands, and look to Christ, and that blood which gave the dying thief pardon will give you peace and pardon also; for he who opened paradise for the dying thief to enter

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in, can, and will open it for you. Christ will help all who desire to trust in him, and he will bring all who trust in him safe to the promised land. It is his name which defeats hell, drives back the powers of darkness, puts devils to flight, enables us to go into the enemy's camp, and rescue souls from damnation. His is the name which is above every name, and as long as Richard Weaver has breath he will preach the power and grace of the dying Saviour, who will save unto the uttermost all who come to God by him. I have come among you to seek your salvation. God knows that that is my mission to you working men and women of London. I have no other object than to win your souls to Christ. Will you then come to Jesus? May God help you to come. Will you decide? Infidelity cannot support you in death, Barkerism will not serve you; and all the *isms* which are contrary to the Bible will be of no avail then. The blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin, can alone give you a title to the glory-land. May the blessing of God be upon these words. Amen.

GLORYING IN THE GOSPEL.

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth."—Romans i. 16.

My dear friends, if anybody ever wanted help from the prayers of God's people, I stand in that position to-night. Instead of being here, I ought to have been in my bed. I thought, during the day, that before now I should have gone to heaven; but it was not the Lord's will, and I once more have the privilege of speaking in his name. May God bless us all to-night.

The apostle Paul acknowledges himself to be the chief of sinners and yet he was the most valiant soldier of the Cross that ever wielded the sword of the Spirit, and met his enemies with the shield of faith and prayer. That undaunted man, wherever his lot might be cast, seems never to have gloried, save in the cross of Christ. It was his continual theme. He said; "I am determined to know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." He was stoned, and put in prison, and scourged: yet he was not ashamed of Jesus, nor of his Gospel. Like the apostle Paul, I am not ashamed in coming to this hall to declare the Gospel of Christ, for I know it "to be the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." May God help you and me to believe to-night, and then according to our faith will it be unto us.

The apostle Paul, in going from one city to another, and from one nation to another, preached neither this sect nor that sect, but held up the banner of the Cross. There are plenty in the present day, who say, "Come to this church or to that chapel, and if you do not belong to this or the other denomination, you do not belong to Christ's kingdom." But the apostle gloried only in the Cross, and he is not a Christian minister who does not make that his constant theme. I would not go and hear a man lecture on matters of mere excitement, if he did not preach Christ. Mr. Gough has been lecturing in Exeter Hall, and other places, but when he is speaking on temperance, he tells you also what God has

done for his soul. He does not hang his soul upon the temperance cause. He says: "Thank God I am a sinner saved by grace." I am no foe to the temperance cause, for I have been a teetotaller seven years; but then I know that I was brought to the saving knowledge of the truth through the blood of the Lamb, and I am, therefore, not ashamed to declare to all, that my hope is alone in Jesus Christ, and him crucified. It does not matter to me who scoffs and jeers, since God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned my sins; and I feel it my duty to preach Jesus to perishing sinners. This is my object in coming to London, to tell the sinners in this great metropolis what a Saviour I have found. As long as I walk in this sin-blighted world, that shall be my one, my only theme. I do not think I could get upon a theme I should like better than that, for Jesus is ever dear to me.—The Lord has permitted me to come and speak a word to the people here assembled, and I am come to tell you that "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Now, the apostle had much to contend with in this; and every true Christian has also much to contend with. People say at present that the days of persecution and peril are done away with. Only let them come in the front of the battle, and they will soon find that they will have persecution. But the Lord commands us to be up and doing, to press forward towards the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus." May he graciously help you and me to be faithful and diligent, doing all the good pleasure of his will, in seeking the salvation of our fellow-sinners.

There's many a one that preaches Jesus Christ, and him crucified, that is ashamed of him. I have had it said to me, "I have to preach out of doors to-night, but I should be thankful if you would go and preach for me; I am not called to preach out of doors." I do not think a man that is not called to preach out of doors is called to preach at all; I know that my blessed Lord was called to preach in doors and out of doors. There are many that would not let me preach in their churches and chapels, because I am not ordained. But if I am fit to talk about Jesus out of doors, I believe

that a man is fit to talk about the Saviour in doors. There is many a one at the present time would be ashamed of *us*, because we are poor working men; they would not admit us into their society for fear we should spoil their carpets or their furniture, or something of that kind. But, thank God, we are not ashamed of Jesus. They may scoff, and sneer, and ridicule; but, after all, there's something grand in the Gospel. Infidelity opens its mouth, and says, "I will destroy it."—Infidels cut down the tree of life? Impossible! They may hack and hew about it, but their axes will grow dull, and they have no grindstones on which to sharpen them, so as to enable them to cut it down. May God impress this Gospel on your hearts to-night, for "it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

I have heard the scoff and the sneer; but, thank God, none of these things move Richard Weaver, since the Lord has implanted in my heart the heavenly radiance and glory that I feel at the present time, for I know that I have passed from death unto life; I know that there is an efficacy in the blood of the Lamb to save the chiefest of sinners. May the Holy Spirit enable you to believe to-night, "for the Gospel is the power of God to every one that *believeth*."

The apostle Paul, when he preached before kings and emperors, and the nobles of the earth, did not shun to preach Christ unto them, and him crucified. At Athens, he told the philosophers there that they were worshipping an unknown God, and preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection. When he was thrown into prison, and brought before Felix, he still preached Christ, and as he reasoned with him, the power of the truth laid hold of him, and Felix the governor trembled before Paul the prisoner, and said unto him, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a more convenient season I will send for thee." And king Agrippa also said unto him after Paul had been preaching of Christ, as the end of the law for righteousness, "Almost! thou persuadest me to be a Christian." No, brethren, wherever a Christian minister is called to stand up for his Master, he should say as Paul said, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, though it should cost me my life." I am not ashamed of preaching Jesus in this great metropolis. A man

said to me one day, "Will you have a license, and then no one can interrupt you?" I said: "No, I have got a stronger defence than that; trust in the Lord and do good. Preach the Gospel to every creature, that's my license." I don't want any law. I am no longer under the law; and Christ says, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, for *I* am with thee; be not dismayed, for *I* am thy God. When thou passest through the waters, they shall not overflow thee, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." And if God has said that, I am satisfied.

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ!" Oh, this is indeed a beautiful avowal. I can't understand much about dictionary words; I don't know what they mean.— Sometimes I get found fault with for not talking properly. Some people tell me that I put the wrong words in the wrong places. Never mind. Bless the Lord! he can not only soon put the right words into my mouth, but he can put it into the right place, even into your hearts. Sometimes I have to find out what a word means. I get the dictionary, and I find it just turns a big word into a little one, and a little one into a big one. But, thank God, we can all understand the Gospel; it is—"Good news!"—"Glad tidings!" we can all understand what that means; we know something about it.

I don't see anything, either in Christ or his Gospel, that a man need be ashamed of. If you thought any public man worthy of your confidence, you would not be ashamed of him. Those who are voters would elect him; you would say,—"Hurrah for Bright! Hurrah for Palmerston!" and so forth. But, too often with public men, when once you put them into office, they don't care a fig for you; they forget you and help themselves. They will make flattering speeches outside the hotel, and on the hustings, and give you a catalogue of what they will do; but afterwards they are ashamed. But the apostle Paul was always the same. The Gospel seemed to be meat and drink to him; his lips seemed to be touched with a Gospel fire. He knew where he found the honour, and where he realized the divine power, and got sanctified and made happy through the Gospel; he knew he was far from God once; he was a Pharisee of the Pharisees, a blasphemer and injurious enemy of Christ. He was at

that time going about to persecute the people of the Most High God; but now he is a preacher of the faith he once sought to destroy; his heart is changed by the power of the living God, and he declares of the Gospel which he once opposed, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Would God that every one of you who put your hands upon your heart and profess to be Christians, could say that you are not ashamed of Jesus! There are many of you that are ashamed of Christ. Just take a retrospective view of your past life, and see if many of you who profess Christianity have not been ashamed of it. You have got amongst people of the world, and you have been ashamed to mention the name of Jesus amongst them; and you have been led into sin because you have been shaking hands with the devil. Lots of times, when you have gone out into the world, you have found you have done wrong, and have said the devil has been tempting you; but the Lord says to you, in your consciences, you should have spoken a word for Jesus. When I get amongst people of the world, I always take the lead. I shake hands with them all, and I say, "Do you love the Lord?" or I say, "The Lord bless you;" and I soon see where I am. The coward (Satan's servants are great cowards generally) will hang down his head directly. I believe many thousands have been lost so far as their safety and their peace and usefulness are concerned, through being ashamed of Jesus. I should have done twice as much good as I have done if I never had been ashamed of Christ. I can speak better to strangers than I can to those who know me. When I am going in a railway train, I always endeavour to speak something about Jesus. There's plenty will say they are glad to hear about him, therefore I always get somebody to listen to me, if I do not get many to love my Saviour.

There is a good deal in us we ought to be ashamed of; and there's a good many that don't like the Gospel of Christ because it's like a mirror, and shows them what they are.—They do not like that. The dirty, and filthy, and ragged, do not like looking at themselves in a glass; they are ashamed of looking into it. That is the way with many professing

Christians; they are ashamed of looking in the Gospel glass, because they can see their disobedience there. There are few who like to be told of their faults. Not me, nor you either, do you? Yes I do. I used to say to my fellow-workmen, "I am a Christian man, and if you curse I shall tell you about it, and if you tell lies I shall tell you about it, and if I do anything wrong you shall tell me about it."—And sometimes they would see things which I thought were not altogether wrong, and they would ask me if that was religion; and I can stand up and say, "In me dwelleth no allowed evil," for Christ is in me, and I have the evidence of my salvation.

I have known many professors who have been ashamed of going home, and praying before their friends. A young man said to me one day, "Oh, sir, I cannot; my father is a scoffer, and my mother a reviler, and if they were to see me upon my knees before God, they would mock me." What would I care about mocking, if God blesses, or about sneering, if he says, I "will smile." Let the Devil roar: what matter if Jesus bless? I pressed upon that young man to go home and to open his mind, and to begin by reading the Bible. He went home, and after the door was shut, for it was a public-house, he began to read the third chapter of St. John's Gospel. The father said, at last, "you are not going to read that here; I am determined I will not have it read in my house any more." He said, "If you will not allow me to read my Bible, I will take my clothes and go and live somewhere else, and pray for God to save you there." Well, the man got annoyed, and said, "I am determined you shall not read another verse; if you do, I will turn you out of doors. I do not care for your crocodile tears; I am determined you shall go." The lad was resolute and read on; as soon as he had done, the father caught hold of him by the collar, and though the mother begged him to let him alone, he turned the lad out of doors. He went to a friend that I know, and when he got there, he dropped on his knees, and said, "God bless my father; God save my father." And he found that God can hear and answer prayer; for the next day the father sent for him home, and said, "Now, my dear lad, come in and pray that God will save your father."

And in the same place where he had turned his son out of doors the father found salvation. That man and his wife to-day are sinners saved by grace, and they think that son the best lad they ever had. Now, you converted sons, go home and do likewise. Never mind scoffs and jeers, for God is on your side; you will at length be victorious in this conflict.

There is many a one whose heart goes pit-a-pat when called upon to speak for Jesus. But he says, "Whosoever is ashamed of me is not worthy of me." I knew a poor woman who was ashamed of praying before her husband.—That poor woman came to a meeting, and got the pardon of her sins. She went home; she did not know what to do about her husband, but she thought, "I will let him go to bed first, and then I will kneel down and pray for him."—She knelt down by the bedside, and, bursting into tears, said, "Lord save my husband." She had not prayed long before she heard her husband come thump upon the floor, and begin to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Now, you women, go home and do likewise.

My poor old mother prayed for twenty-five years for the conversion of her family; after a time the Lord heard and answered her prayer. And now, to-day, through that poor old woman's prayers, my two brothers and my poor old father are on their way to heaven; another is already gone, and may be damned; and I thank God that the Gospel has proved to be the power of God to the salvation of my never-dying soul. There is something sublimely beautiful in the Gospel; there is nothing in this world so grand. You may go and smell at any flower you please—the rose for its beautiful colour, and the lily for sweetness; but the Gospel rose is fairer than them all. The Lord Jesus Christ is the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. There is nothing so dear to a sincere ear and heart as the name of Jesus; it is above every name. You read of Whitfield—he did not shun to declare that name; though stones were hurled at him he was undaunted; and Wesley and Fletcher, those mighty men of God, when they went about doing good and declaring the love of God to a perishing world, they were not ashamed of the Gospel. Nor need you be. No man

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need be ashamed of hearing or telling good news, and the Gospel is glad tidings to perishing sinners. Thank God, it is life from heaven for sin-blighted men. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."—Jesus—precious name! He brought the Gospel down from heaven to sinners on earth: let us magnify, and honour, and obey, and worship him, and show to the world that we believe in him with the heart unto righteousness.

There was a young woman brought up by an ungodly father, who had never taken her to church or chapel; and there's plenty of fathers and mothers, I believe who will have to suffer the righteous judgments of the Almighty for their conduct towards their children in this respect. Well, this girl went to a chapel where Christ, and him crucified, were preached from the text I have taken to-night, and it proved the power of God to her salvation. She told her father that she had been to chapel, and that the Lord had pardoned her sins. She says, "Oh, father, you never told me that I had a soul to be saved; you took me to balls, and concerts, and theatres, and parties, but you never told me I had a soul to be saved." The old father seemed to be put out about this; he said, "If thou goest inside that door again, I shall turn thee out of doors." The Devil harassed her, and told her to give up Christ, and not to go, but the poor lass determined that she would not be ashamed of Jesus. She went up to her closet; she took up the word of God, and read these words, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up." Next Sunday, when she came down stairs, the stern father says, "Now, miss, where are you going this morning? If you go inside that chapel, you must not darken my door again." The poor girl went. The text was, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up." The minister seemed to preach all to that young lady; the tears flowed down her cheeks all the time. When she got home her wicked old father turned her out of doors. She would not tell any one her tale, but she wandered away until the dark winter's night came on. The storm was raging. She had nowhere to go, and in the dark midnight she had to lie down by the wayside. When her poor old mother and her

father thought about her, they would have given the world to have had her back again. They sent the bellman round the town to say she had left home, but no one knew where she was. But a man who was going with a cart past the place where she was lying, saw the form of a female, and went to look who it was. She told him that, because she was not ashamed of Jesus, her father had turned her out of her home, and that her heart was broken. "Well," he said, "if thy father's turned thee out, I will be a father to thee, if thou lovest Jesus." When he got to the town, he left this young woman at an inn. The bellman was just crying out that she had left her home; the old father and mother did not like to say that they had turned her out of doors. The man went to them and said, "You have lost a young woman that would not be ashamed of Christ, and I can find her."—He took her home. The poor father trembled when he saw her, and said, "My daughter, will you forgive me?" The mother clasped her to her bosom, and cried, "Will you forgive me?" Poor girl! with a loving heart like her Saviour, she replied, "Yes, I do forgive you—and may the Lord forgive you." But that night was the cause of her death.—Before she died, she asked her father and mother to allow her to have her coffin made and brought home to her, and she said, "I should like to have my shroud made to lie in, and look at death that has lost its sting through the blood of the Lamb, and smile at him before I depart." When they were brought she was sitting in the easy chair, and her parents were standing by. She looked at the coffin, and at the shroud, and she said, "Father, those are the robes I am to be dressed in till the resurrection morn," and she shouted, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, who giveth me the victory, through the Lord Jesus Christ." The poor old father and mother were quite overcome, and they wept, and as that dear girl prayed for God to save them, the power of the living God came down into that chamber, and they found pardon and peace through the blood of the Lamb. That is not being ashamed of Christ.

If it cost us our life we ought never to be ashamed of

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Christ. I say before God, that, sooner than be ashamed of him, I would die at the present time.

There is a power in the Gospel we cannot comprehend, and cannot fathom. It is the power of the living God. No human power can withstand that. Infidelity cannot stand against it. When the Gospel of Christ comes with its soul-purifying, sin-killing, and faith-quickening power, all the men in the world cannot withstand it. If you had been present on the day of Pentecost, when Peter preached Christ, and him crucified, you would have said they were all madmen and fools. But it was the power of God which came down and made the people cry out, "Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved?" And when Paul was on his way to Damascus, to persecute the Christians in that city, it was the power of God which overcame him, and made him cry, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" If there be sinners present who are in danger of perdition, and if they are on the verge of the pit that burneth with unquenchable fire, if they now begin to feel the gnawing of the worm that dieth not, what can save you? My beloved friends, I have the privilege of declaring to you that the Gospel can save you. May God, in his mercy, save you by bringing his Gospel into your hearts to-night.

There is power in the Gospel. Infidels may scoff and sneer, and say they will do this and that, but the Gospel can stand against all the attacks of infidels and of devils too; it can and does save men from the burning gulf. Glory be to God! the Gospel of Christ can save to the very uttermost all that come unto God through Jesus. There is something in it you can understand. I am no astronomer; I look above and around me, and I see there is some mysterious power at work in the natural world, but I do not understand it; if I were to say that the sun went round the earth, the astronomer would call me an ignorant blockhead, and tell me the earth goes round the sun at the rate of many thousand miles a minute. I cannot understand how it is. I see that there must be a tremendous moving power somewhere, but I cannot tell where this moving power comes from, nor the astronomer either. So with the waves of the ocean; as we stand upon the sea beach, and gaze upon the big waves that

are rolling in succession, dashing against the rocks, and making the vessels sailing on its bosom creak and tremble, we see there is a tremendous power somewhere, but where it comes from we cannot tell. I have stood by the side of the river, and have seen the tide coming in in its regular course quietly and slowly along its way, but the tide has rushed along, and it seems to say, "Stand back, for I am mightier than thou." And the tide has rolled onwards with mighty power, but where the power was I could not tell. But, thank God, I have stood by the black river that leads to hell, and its waves have swept all before it like the sea; I have looked at the mighty power of God which has arrested them, and brought them back, and I have heard the cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" but I have not had the least doubt where the power has come from, for "the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Thank God—

"Christ ever lives above,
For you to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead."

Glory be to God! there is a power men cannot withstand by which the Gospel is accompanied, and there is an efficacy in the Gospel that can save every man and woman in this place to-night. Thank God, Jesus is mighty to save, his name is the Mighty God, the Wonderful Counsellor; he can save to the very uttermost of human guilt and desert; I know it, and can bear testimony to this fact by happy experience—

"God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still."

I will just tell you one circumstance to show you how the Gospel can sustain a man in the hour of trial and in the time of death. I knew a poor collier at the time of the Crimean war, who was a great man for reading the newspapers. We used to meet one another night and morning; he was a capital reader, and we used to sit down together, and he used to read about our soldiers, and we used to kneel down in the green fields, the tears running down our black faces, and pray to God to bless our fellow-creatures, whose lives and souls

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were in great peril. There were plenty praying at that time besides people living in London, I can tell you. Well, this man used to work at the same colliery as I worked at. One day, as he was coming up the shaft from the pit, the machinery somehow got wrong; and came down upon him, and took off his leg. We soon went down and took the poor fellow out. When we got him up he said, "Richard, the Gospel is the power of God to me now. I thought God would be as good as his word, and I now find he is so to me." He said, "If I can but just be spared long enough to bid adieu to my wife and child, I can bid farewell to this world." I ran on to tell the wife that her dying husband was on the way. She said, "Is he alive, Richard, and can he speak to me?" "Yes." "Well, then, if he can speak to me I will say, 'Lord thy will be done.'" When the poor fellow came in he prayed for God to bless his family. His little boy was the , he said "Let me hold my babe in my arms while Christ receives my soul. Bless the Lord, he supports me in the valley." They put the little boy in his arms, and he kissed it again and again; and then he bid his wife farewell, and shouted, "Victory!" and died happy in the Lord.

There is nothing that can comfort in the dying hour but the Gospel; there is nothing else that will light up the dark valley. The Gospel is the power of God to every one that believeth. If you do not believe you will have to be damned, if you do not come to Christ you will have to go to hell. Have you ever thought, for one moment, what it is to die and perish in the burning gulf? How canst thou dwell amidst the devouring flames, and with everlasting burnings, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth? I come to tell you that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation. No matter what crimes you have committed, there is power in the Gospel, there is efficacy in the blood of Christ, to save you from all your sins. Do not, therefore, look at your sins only, but look at the Saviour's power and grace; he that relies upon him shall have pardon, and peace, and happiness, and heaven. May this salvation be realised by all of you this night, and for evermore. Amen.

THE DANGER OF THE UNCONVERTED.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"—
Heb. ii. 3.

How shall you get to heaven if you neglect so great a salvation? O, think of this text! There are thousands in London, as well as in other places, who are steeped in wretchedness and wickedness; but it is not with them I have to do now, but with you in St. Martin's Hall this night. I ask you, therefore, this question as you sit there—if you do neglect it, hell is your doom—for "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." You who are sitting before me, and you who are here behind me, are addressed in the words of the text—these are not my words, but the words of an inspired apostle. Don't find fault with Richard Weaver, for it is Jesus Christ himself who has said, "He that believeth not shall be damned." If you have not believed with your heart unto salvation, you will have to perish. As sure as there is joy in heaven there is agony in hell; and as sure as there is a sound of glory in heaven, there is a sound of horror down yonder in the pit of hell. Many people believe there is a heaven, and they like to hear more about it than about hell. They don't like to be told about this awful place at all. They say, "I don't feel sure there is such a place as hell: I believe that there is a place of sweet eternal happiness." Now, I say it is preposterous to say such a thing, when the same lips that declared, "Whosoever believeth in me shall never perish, but have everlasting life," also declared, "The wicked shall be turned into hell." You may go to this place or that place, you may be elders or deacons, and yet not converted—you do not like to hear the word damnation mentioned, because it strikes a terror into your hearts. You down there know that if you were to die in your present state you would go to hell as surely as I, who am standing here, know that if I were to die to-night I should go to heaven. You know you have never believed with all your heart; you know you have never loved righteousness; you know you have never forsaken Satan or his

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works; you know you have never gone to the Saviour, as a lost and ruined sinner, for pardon and salvation. I have no need to tell you all this; there is something within you which tells you, as Nathan said to King David, "Thou art the man!" God has declared you can go to heaven in no other way than through believing on Jesus Christ; and if you cannot get to heaven in any other way, why will you not forsake your sins, and turn to the Saviour? May you my brethren, be led to do so.

I left home when I was fifteen years old, and from that day I wandered far away from virtue, and became immersed in sin and iniquity at that time. And I know many young men who, like me at that time, laughed at religion. If there be those in this hall to-night who make a mock at sin, and laugh at religion, let me tell you there will be no laughing, and scoffing, and sneering, and jeering on your death-beds. I don't care what you call yourself—you may believe in the creed of a Tom Paine if you like—but you can't meet death without dread. In that last hour you will still want a support that will bear you up. I remember a poor young woman, of whom I have told you, who was an infidel—a believer in Barkerism—which is a denial of Christ, and a denial of God—by which delusion the devil leads souls astray from God. This young woman, I could see, was failing in strength, and declining daily. As I was talking one day to one of my fellow-workmen who had been out on a spree, as they called it, and remonstrating with him, she was there, and heard us, and turned to me and said, "There, you're always talking about that." And I said to her, "Yes, and if you were to believe in Jesus Christ too, it would make you a deal happier than you are. You are fast hastening to the grave, and one of these nights I shall hear the death-shout of a sinner lost, if you don't believe," for I lived next door to her house. "But," said I, "He that believeth *shall be saved*. No matter what you are, nor what you have done, Christ's love can save you." She looked at me, and said, "It is all very good, but I don't believe it." About three weeks after that, when I was asleep one night, there came a knock at my door. I opened the window, and looked out; there was a young woman beneath it, a sister of the one of whom I

have been speaking to you, and she begged and entreated of me to come and see her dying sister. I went in, and I shall never forget the sight I saw there as long as I live. At her bedside stood an infidel, who was saying to her as I entered the room: "Now then, hold fast, lass!" "Hold fast!" said the poor dying creature, "what have I got to hold fast to? Tell me of something that I can lay hold upon. I now find that infidelity cannot support me in the valley of the shadow of death. O man," said she, "go out of my room, if you can't tell me of something to lay hold of, and to hold fast to." Yes, there she was dying, and the infidel telling her to hold fast, and the only answer was—"I have got nothing to hold me up, I have felt it is all a delusion; I must die, and hell will be my doom. Is there no one who cares for my soul?" She was one of three sisters, who had lost their parents; they all worked in one of the cotton factories of that place, and this poor girl had been deluded by infidelity, and now, when she was dying, her cry was, "No man cares for my soul." Infidelity cannot support her, and Barkerism cannot sustain her—the plank of infidelity cannot bear—there is no strength in it at the last. She had sneered and jeered at Christianity, and she found that infidelity would not support her in the final struggle. When lying upon the point of death, she exclaimed, "If I die hell is my doom and damnation is my portion." Well, I preached Jesus to her; I told her of his love, which could wash her from her sins. "O, sir!" she said, "I have denied Christ." "I don't care," I said to her, "what you have done, or how black with sin you are; if you are out of hell Christ's blood can save you." I went down upon my knees, and there, by her bedside, began to pray for her salvation; and while the devil was anticipating his victim, Christ laid hold of her, and there was a cry of "Victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb!" and she died a penitent believer in Jesus, in whom she found peace. O, my hearers, infidelity can do nothing for you; but, thanks be to the Saviour, although you be as black as hell itself, his blood can save you. You cannot escape if you do not come to Christ. There is no other way. To all who die rejecting the Saviour, it is out of this world into hell. There is no back door from this world into heaven. A praying father,

a praying mother, a praying wife, a praying husband, or a praying child, cannot save you; but "he that believeth shall be saved," and he that believeth not shall be damned." May God help you to come to Him through his Son Jesus Christ. There is a poor dying man who has not known Christ lying upon his death-bed. His children look upon their dying father, as he groans and writhes in the agonies of death; his poor wife looks at him, but she cannot comfort him; his doctor can bring him no curative medicine, though the sick man says to him, "O, doctor, can't you give me but three days longer to live?" Look at his poor broken-hearted wife, as she bids him farewell. There is a parting, and without a ray of hope in his heart that he will meet his wife in heaven, for he dies shrieking and crying, "Hell is my doom."

It will not do for you to take your stand upon anything short of the merits of Christ's sacrifice. Your blood will be upon my head if I go away without warning you against doing so. Infidelity sneered at good old Noah; but at last the door of the ark was shut, and, when once closed, they might knock, and knock, and knock, but their only answer was—"Because I called you, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh." But Jesus saith, "He that believeth shall be saved." May the Holy Spirit bless you, and enable you to believe. You will remember my words when you are struck with death; you will remember me when you are gasping for your last breath. Some of you I may never meet again—but I tell you again, the Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation unto all them that believe." It points you to One who is mighty to save, and leads you to the fountain where you may be washed from sin and uncleanness. My hearers, are you saved? Are you on the way to heaven? I ask you now, I entreat you now, before God, have you come to Christ?—will you come to Christ? Look unto him, and be saved. I beseech you let nothing keep you from him. Look at his blood, and believe in his atonement, and thus go down to your houses justified, having peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing will satisfy the Judge at the

last grand assize but his own blood; and, if you are washed in his blood, he will welcome you to heaven; but if you have not the blood, he will not let you enter in, but you will have to depart accursed to hell. O, may God help you to believe, and thus to enter in. I appeal to you, young man, who visit the harlot's house; will you come to Christ? And you, who go to churches and chapels, and are yet unconverted, will you come to him? Thank God that you are still in time, and not in eternity! There is still hope for you, if you venture upon the mercy of God in Christ, by believing in him. I ask you, down there before me, are you on the Lord's side? You in that gallery, are you on the Lord's side? And you, yonder in that gallery, are you for the Lord?

Here I, Richard Weaver, stand before you a sinner, washed in the blood of the Lamb! My brother who has addressed you has told you about heaven, while I have warned you of hell. Which will you decide for? May God, in his mercy, enable you to decide for heaven to-night. Remember the last words of the poor dying man in the coalpit, who said, "Tell my wife to train up my children to heaven, for I am dying, and shall be damned!"

[At a very interesting prayer-meeting held on a recent Sabbath evening, the following exhortation, written by a deaf and dumb man, who had been for a short time a professing Christian, was sent in to his minister, and read by him to the assembly. Coming from such a source, it produced a marked effect for good, and as Richard Weaver, when preaching from the above urgent and important question, was prevented, through indisposition, from discoursing at length upon one feature of the text—the greatness of salvation—the exhortation referred to has been added to this address.—Ed.]

Now, my friends, allow me to address you on the *greatness of salvation*. A salvation great indeed, beyond description or conception, contrived by the wisdom and love of God for our poor lost souls! A salvation procured by the death of the only begotten Son of God.

It discovers a great Saviour, and shows how we may be saved from great sins and great misery, and elevated to great

happiness and holiness. It contains all that can make the nature of man perfect, or his life happy; and secures him from whatever can render his condition miserable. The blessings of it are inexpressible, and beyond imagination. It is called great because it saves from great sins. You are a great sinner, Jesus is a great Saviour. It is adapted to deliver from great sins—all sins no matter how aggravated.

Again, it is great because it saves from great dangers.—The danger of an eternal hell besets the path of each one—all do not see it—all will not believe it when told of it. But this danger hovers over the path of every mortal: its mouth is open widely, waiting to swallow every sinner. This salvation delivers the greatest sinners from everlasting burning! Surely that salvation must be great which shall save from such a doom! If that salvation is neglected the danger still hangs on every man. It is not a matter of little importance, whether we embrace it or not. Yet the mass of men live in the neglect of it. They attend to other things; they are busy with their pleasures, or in their workshops, or on their farms; they neglect religion now, as a thing of small importance, preferring to attend to it hereafter, as if they acted on the principle that everything else was to be attended to before religion. Our Lord Jesus Christ came into the world to save the chief of sinners. If you neglect it, how can you escape?

Do you slight and scorn the counsels contained in the Scriptures, and continue in so doing? Do you continually neglect to come to Christ? If so, how shall you escape? O, there is no way of escape! Therefore, my fellow-sinners, I entreat you earnestly to seek the Lord your God *now*. Go upon your knees, and pray God to awaken your conscience and give you the knowledge of Christ. Remember what a blessed thing it is to be saved, to go to heaven, and dwell with God and Christ to all eternity.

A BENEDICTION.

"Go, and the Lord be with you."—1 Sam. xvii. 37.

My text to-night is a prayer, given to me by a poor old Irish woman, as she lay upon her death-bed. The tears streamed down her cheeks although there was joy in her heart, while she said to me, "Go, and the Lord be with you." The words haunted me, and when I went to preach in a certain place in Liverpool, I thought I would take it for my text, for it seemed to come to me from heaven through that poor old Irish woman. I found out where it was, and you will find it, too, if you look through the Word of God. I am sure it is there, because I have got my finger near it now, and the words are—"Go, and the Lord be with you."

I may not speak to please you all; many of you are professors. I shall try, by the love of God, if you are hypocrites, to strip you. There are so many hypocritical professors in the world, and it is very little use talking to them; we may hit them in the face as much as we please but they won't hearken. Give me a possessor, and not a professor of the truth merely.

If you read the Bible, you will understand when this prayer was uttered. The words were those of King Saul to David. The Philistines had drawn out in array against the children of Israel, and they were going to have a pitched battle. The Philistines were men of great strength and skill, and they had among them a champion a great deal larger than Heenan, from America, for size. He wanted to fight a battle with the champion of the Israelites, and he challenged their champions to come out and engage with him in this contest. It seems to me as if all the great people had departed out of the Israelitish camp. Joshua was dead, Caleb was gone to his rest, and Moses to his reward. It seems as if there was no courage in the hearts of the Jews at this time. Why? Because they disregarded the law of the living God, they were discarded by Him. It seems as if all faith had departed, for all fled in fear of this Goliath of Gath. I don't know his size; some say eleven feet, some ten feet, but at any

rate he was a giant. But God does not work by the size of a man. God is able to work by great or small, by many or by few. The Israelites had seen the time when they had conquered by the power of the living God, and when no enemy could stand against them—the time when Joshua and Caleb led them. When the Israelites murmured, and said, "We are not able to go up and possess the land, for the people are stronger than we," Joshua replied, "We are well able to go up, and though there be an innumerable company against us, yet the Lord is on our side, and by his strength we will defeat all our enemies. Our strength is in the living God, who has said, he will never leave us, but bring us through every obstacle, and in his name we shall gain the victory." He commanded them to go round Jericho, and to blow trumpets round it seven times, and promised that it should fall before them at the seventh time. Who would have thought that the walls of that great city would fall by such means? But they went at the bidding of God, and he was with them, and when they shouted together with a loud shout, there was a crack in the wall, and down it fell, and they entered in. Now, however, it seemed as if God had not got a man who loved him; nevertheless he had got one in the hollow of his hand, as it were, and under the shadow of his wing. Dismay and fear have grasped the heart of the tried and tempted Israelites; but down in the fields, among the sheep, there is a youth of ruddy countenance that God has blessed; he has had the hand of the prophet Samuel upon his head, and has been anointed. On his return from the sheepfold to his father, the father begins to want to know how the children are going on in the battle-field, and asks who will go and see how they do? David says, "I will go." And when he gets to the camp, he hears this Goliath thus giving his challenge to the Israelites: "What use," said he, "is there for us to destroy one another's lives; if you have champions in your camp, let them come out and fight with me, for I know that the battle is to the strongest, and the race is to the swiftest." David hears this, and when he goes to the camp, and gives the brethren the bread and cheese, and other things which his father had sent for their use, he says to them, "How is this, that the uncircumcised has come to give a

challenge to the circumcised? Is there no man able to go and fight him? If there is no other, I will go and fight with him, for God has been with me, and has blessed me, and I know very well this boaster cannot stand before the living God." His elder brothers begin to say, "He is a proud youth." David sees that, there is no one who will fight with this Goliath, but that the people fly from before him. Presently, there is a cry heard through the camp; it is a proclamation from the king—that he will give his daughter to the man who will go out and slay his great enemy. David says, "I will go and fight him; I have got a secret; when Samuel anointed me, I found out a secret, I have seen the Lord's arm made bare when I was attacked by a lion and a bear, and I defeated them both in the name of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, and in his name I will defeat this giant." The news reaches Saul that a young man is willing to go out and fight with the Philistine. He is brought before Saul, and he says to David, "Thou art but a youth! Thou art not able to go and fight against him." "No," says David, "I am but a youth, but let not my years trouble thee; I will go and fight him." "But," says the king, "thou hast never been trained up to handle the sword and the spear." "O," says he, "if I have not, I have been trained up to throw the sling and the stone; God has been with me, and has taught me a secret; that is, to put my faith in him." Saul says to his armour-bearer, "Dress him in my armour." Then David essays to go, but he could not, for he had never proved them. Would to God that every preacher on this platform, or round here would *prove* themselves. There are some of you who put on Mr. Wesley's armour, and some Mr. Whitfield's, and some Mr. Spurgeon's, and other different men. If you cannot fight in your own clothes, you cannot fight in other men's apparel. As I travel about, and see men doing this, I often wonder how they can put these men's old sermons before the people; we have read them all in bygone times. If these had been on their knees all the time they were getting them off by heart, the Lord would have given them a power over the hearts of men. Men say they believe what this man says, and what that man says, instead of getting rooted and grounded in the gospel itself, or instead of putting on the

whole armour of God, so as to go out against the enemy, and be able to cry, in the name of Jesus, "Victory! Victory!" May God pardon all who wear other men's armour, and help them to go forth in the strength of the Lord God, making mention of the righteousness of Christ, and of that only.—There is a suit of armour for every one of them, and a sword for all to fight with. May the Holy Spirit help you to gird it on. You cannot fight in Wesley's armour. He had his time, and Whitfield had his time, and Knox also had his time; and where did John Knox get strength to fight with? In his closet. He went into Scotland, and did great good for the cause of truth there, because he trusted only in the help of the Lord. Richard Baxter relied upon his Father in heaven when he laboured in Kidderminster. Paul had the power of God upon him, and he did not imitate Peter, or John, or James, or any of his fellow-apostles but in his own way said, "The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation." Men may go on imitating other preachers, but if they do not imitate Jesus—if they do not preach salvation through the blood of the Lamb—they will never do any good. Throw aside all such imitations, I do beseech you. A young man I was acquainted with in Liverpool, went somewhere to preach, and imitated my way of preaching, and he took the text I have taken to-night. But he did not get on very well, and when he got three parts through he broke down in the pulpit; and an old man in the middle of the meeting cried out, "You can't do it. When we want Richard Weaver, we will send for him." Instead of imitating what I say, they should say that which God teaches them; they should get the blood of sprinkling. But some men will have the cut of their coat like another man's, and do anything before they will do the right thing. If you will ask God to bless you with his power, and clothe you with his Spirit, you will be enabled to do good in his name. I could take up another man's sermons and read them to you, or I could read history, and get it into my head, and tell you about various things, but what I understand best is, the love of God to my soul; and when I get upon that, I open my mouth that the power of God may flow upon the congregation. May it do so abundantly to-night, my friends.

This is the right sort of preaching, for I am a poor man, and I don't understand learned things. I would not give twopence for all the skeleton sermons in the world. Bless God, this is the volume of sermons for me, this Bible. If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to every man according to his need. Thank God, his storehouse is not empty yet, though Wesley is dead and gone, and Whitfield gone home to glory, and other good and successful preachers gone to their reward; but it is as full to-night as in the day of its opening. We have got men here who are speaking out the truth as it is in Jesus. He is bringing people out of coal-pits, and from cobbler's stalls, and other places. The power of hell is being defeated, and devils are being routed, while the cry is—"Victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb!" May it be heard to-night. It can be accomplished, for God has said so.

Now David determined to go in his own dress, and he took his staff in his hand, and his sling at his side. But Saul said, "Thou art not able to go up against him." Then David answered, "I kept my father's sheep; and lo! there came a lion, who took a lamb out of the flock: and I pursued him." "What! didst thou slay him?" said the king. "Yes, I pursued after him in the name of my God—the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, and by his strength I slew that monster lion, and took the prey out of his mouth. Before I took that back to the fold, a bear came, and took a lamb out of the flock, and I pursued him also, in the name of the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, and by his power I slew the bear also. The same God who gave me power then, will give me power now." Then said Saul to David, "The Lord be with you." The youth goes with his heart full of faith in God. He goes down into the brook, and picks up a few round stones, and puts them in his little satchel, and comes forth to meet Goliath. The giant begins to laugh when he sees him, and he says, "I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field." There he stands, but David is trusting in the name of the Lord. "Fear not, David," said the Lord, "I am with thee." While Goliath is laughing at the idea of this boy coming out against him with a sling and a stone, David is in earnest, and

his eye is upon one object, and is saying in his heart to God, "Lord, direct my stone: Lord, I pray thee, then, direct this stone." He lets go, and see! he has overthrown the giant! Then he runs in, and draws Goliath's sword, and cuts off his head at one stroke. A cry is heard through the Jewish camp—"The Lord, he is God! the Lord, he is God!" And so I say to-night as I take the power of Christ in my heart and in my hand—Lord, direct me, Lord direct thy blood to sinners in this hall to-night! Thank God, there is a fountain in the blood of Christ which is open for all. By the power of the living God, infidelity—that Goliath—shall be defeated. For there is something in the Gospel that infidels and devils cannot withstand.

There are two things we may learn from this history of Goliath and David. Goliath represents Diabolus, the king from the pit of destruction. Goliath, as I take it, is a type of the great devil from the bottomless pit, while David is the type of his great antitype the Lord Jesus Christ—

"Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly."

Now you may raise up this army and that army, and this rifle corps and that rifle corps, in order that the enemy you dread should not invade our land: but there is a greater enemy than this at the present time. You can find his batteries in every street of every town—the liquor vaults are doing as much mischief now in this city as any enemy could do. They are the batteries of hell—they should have over their doors—"Training Place for Hell," for there they train up people for the bottomless pit. What can put a stop to these? Nothing but the power of the living God. Thank God, Christ has taken down signs from the public-house, and made landlords and publicans rejoice in a sin-bearing Christ. The time shall come when Christ shall take possession of this whole world, when, thank God, not a single slaughter-place or liquor-hall shall exist. May God hasten that time. We cannot do it in our own strength. If I were to go to these men, and say to them, "Your places want destroying, they

ought to be burned, every one of them," they would put me in the lock-up. But my loving Saviour says, "Every obstacle shall be removed, and every sin be banished away."

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run."

"Go, and the Lord be with you." What a blessed thing to have God with you! What a blessed thing it is for a minister to have God with him when he is going into the pulpit, and his knees are trembling. Sometimes I have felt this. To-night, my knees shook from the greatness of the work the Lord has given me to do. Thank God, the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and, bless his name, they that are weak, he can make strong; he can make one man put a thousand to flight. Who would believe, when the day of Pentecost came, and the people met in the upper room—who would believe that, after that sermon on the death on the cross, there would have been such a slaughter in the devil's camp? Hell never had such a shaking before. Calvary had rocked, and the temple had been rent in twain; the graves had been opened, and the dead came forth from their graves, and had been seen in the city. But at the day of Pentecost the baptism of the Holy Spirit was poured out; and Peter stood up for the first time after his Lord's death. The Lord touched his lips with a live coal from off his altar; the man of God preached Christ and him crucified; and three thousand souls were converted to the faith of Jesus; and the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved. That was a time, indeed, when the story of the Cross was being proclaimed, and the cry was heard continually.—"What must I do to be saved?" Let it be heard in St. Martin's Hall to-night!

"Go, and the Lord be with you." God has ever been with his people in by-gone times. There is Gideon threshing in the barn, and an angel appears before him and talks with him, and says, "Go and fight against the enemies of Israel; lead my people on." Gideon had never been used to fight with the enemies of his country in the battle-field, but God says to him, "I will be with you." He wants to prove the truth of the angel's message. What does he do? He takes

some wool, and the Lord answers by sending down a heavy dew upon it. "Now," he says, "I know that the Lord is with me." Then he goes and collects a number of people together, but only selects about three hundred from them, all those who lap the water from the brook like dogs. He goes forth with a handful of men out of the camp, and gives only a trumpet, a lamp, and a pitcher to each one of them. So he leads them on against the Midianites. The power was not in the pitcher, nor in the lamp, nor in the trumpet, but in God; and that night the enemy was scattered. You may look all through the Bible, but wherever God has been with his people he has defeated their enemies. May the Lord defeat the armies of Satan here.

You will find that Paul, when he went to Italy, and was shipwrecked, was met by a few brethren, who went about fifty miles to meet him; yet, when he came to stand before Nero, they all left him; none stood by him then. He stood before Nero, and talked to him about the resurrection, and about the crucified Redeemer, and God Almighty put a muzzle upon Nero. He has got power to put a muzzle upon Satan, who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Bless God, there is power in his name to defeat even Satan himself.

Our text is a prayer often offered, "Go, and the Lord be with you." Now, in the coal-mining districts, it is often heard when the men go out in the morning, and leave their wives and children, the husband will say, "Good morning," and the wife and children reply, "The Lord be with you." I am sure if God watches over his people anywhere, he needs to protect them down in coal-pits. There are not many back doors to run out at there. And I remember it too, as the last dying words of my mother—"The Lord be with you, my lad! The Lord bless you!" Is it not the dying prayer of many a mother? I have seen many a mother stand upon the pier head at Liverpool, and say, "The Lord be with you!" when lads were about to leave this land to go into far distant countries. I knew a widow woman who was left with two children, a girl and a boy, to provide for. Her little boy was employed in an office, and used to get three shillings and sixpence or four shillings a week. But the mother had very

hard work to get a living. She used to eat dry bread, and drink her tea without sugar, in order that he might have butter on his bread, and sugar in his tea. One evening when he was stirring his own tea, and saw his mother depriving herself for him, he said, "I am determined I will not stop at the office; I will go to sea, and seek my fortune, and I am sure we can get on better than we do now." The mother looked at him, and she said—"No, my child, I would sooner have bread and water all my life than lose you."—However, in a day or so he persuaded his mother to let him go; he was determined not to go on thus any longer, so she consented, and they went to look at the vessels, and at last found a good captain, who said he would be kind to the lad. Then his mother packed up his clothes, and the day for his departure came. On the last morning, as he was having his breakfast for the last time with her, she put a little Bible in the chest for him, and asked him to grant one last request.—"What is it?" he asked. "To kneel down here, and I will pray for God to be with you, when you are away upon the bilows, and that you may remember you have had a mother's prayers for your safety." They knelt together for the last time, and she said, "The Lord go with my dear little Johnny; the Lord be with him." When they got to the pier, and he put off to the ship, the mother's last words were, "The Lord be with you!" And when the ship had left the shore his mother still prayed for him. One night, about five or six weeks afterwards, they were still out on their long voyage, when the wind began to blow, and threaten a storm. The poor old mother was awake, and thought of her boy out at sea, and she fell upon her knees, and prayed for God to be with him; there was one upon those billows whom she loved. And there upon that ship the lad found his Bible, and read it and talked about it to the sailors, and they grew to like him very much, and to wonder at the number of things he knew, as he said repeatedly, "my mother taught me this, or, my mother taught me that." When the storm came that night, and the vessel was expected to perish, the crew got into the boat, till there was no more room, and two were left on the deck, the widow's son and a man. He had the Bible in his hand, and he said, "Tell my mother, if you live to get

to land—tell my mother that her Johnny went down in the waves, with the Bible in his hand, and that God was with him."

They saw the vessel sink with the poor boy on the deck. In time the Bible got to land. It was the boy's Sunday-school prize, and had his mother's address in it; it was taken to her. You can only realize how she felt by imagining yourself in the same position. There was only one thing which could give her comfort, and that was, that her lad had marked the passage where he had been reading, "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin," and near it he had written, "Mother, if I never meet you again upon earth, I will meet you in heaven." A few years passed away, and the old woman heard of her daughter, of whom she had known nothing for a very long time; and she came to see her mother when she was nearly dying. One day a sailor knocked at the door, and wanted to see Mrs.——. He said, "I have news of her son; I was on the same ship with him, and the message he sent was, 'Tell my mother the Lord is with me.'" The message was given to the daughter, who asked the sailor to go up stairs to her mother. When the poor woman saw him, she said, "Do you know anything about my dear Johnny?" "Yes," he said, "I was on the deck when John went down into the sea; his last words were, 'Tell my mother that the Lord is with me.'" "Thank God, then," she replied, "for I shall meet him in heaven, and my prayer that the Lord might be with him is answered." "But I think," she continued, "that eye looks like my lad's eye." "Yes," said the sailor "I am he; and God has been with me, mother, and has blessed me, and he it is who has brought me to you once more before you depart." Very shortly after this, the poor woman died in his arms, shouting "Victory! victory! through the Lamb!"

What a blessed thing it is to have the Lord on our side, is it not? I can remember when my mother said these words to me, "The Lord be with thee!" What a beautiful prayer it is! There was a very poor family, so distressed they did not know how to get even a bit of bread, for the husband, the stay of the family, was upon his death-bed.—There were six little children, and a young wife, crying at

his bedside, and asking what she should do with them, and where she should go, when the husband said, "My dear wife, trust in God. He has said, 'I will be with thee.' All will be well yet." She said, "Thou hast been one of the best of husbands in the world, and now you are leaving me, and I am sure the workhouse will be the doom of myself and these poor little ones." "No," he said, "I don't believe the Lord will suffer any of my children to go there." He departed happy in the Lord. Affliction came again very soon. The poor widow used to wash for her living, but she was taken ill, and there were six months when she could do nothing, and there were no friends to come to assist her.—When one is down in the ditch there are very few who will come and help him out. She contracted debts, and was in great difficulties, and her rent was behind hand. The landlord came and asked when she would be able to pay him.—She said she could not pay it then, but she would pay him all if he would give her time; her children were beginning to grow up, and they would pay him if she could not.—"Oh," he said, "that will not do for me; I must have your money now, or I will have your goods." He was a church or a chapel going man, but he had not got the love of God in his heart, had he? No, he had not. Well, the poor mother sat there very ill one Saturday morning, when there came a summons, telling her if she did not pay before twelve o'clock on Monday, she would be turned out, and her goods sold. Then none of them had had anything to eat since the morning before, and what they would do if no friend appeared to help them she could not tell. By-and-by her little ones were in bed, and she was washing their little bits of things up, so that they might be dressed clean on the Sabbath. Perhaps some of you have had to do that. While they were being dried at the handful of fire in the grate, she knelt down and prayed, saying, "Lord, thou hast seen fit to take my husband from me, and thou seest me with my six children, all starving; what must I do? O Lord intercede on my behalf." A little foot was heard tripping down stairs and in came her little boy. "O mother!" he cried, "the Bible says, 'Ask what you will in my name, it shall be granted,' does it not, mother?" "Yes," she said, "it does."

"Well, and did not our father say, when God took him away, he would be a father to us? If he is our father, he will supply our wants. Let us pray, mother." Then he prayed that God would help them in their distress. When he went to bed, the mother knelt down by her own bed, and the little boy, hearing her, knelt with her, and said, "I believe that God will be with us. My father said so, and he never told a lie; you know his last words were, 'The Lord be with you, my dear wife and children.'" While the little fellow was there praying and comforting his mother, a knock was heard at the door: there was a servant of God there, and he gave the woman a basket, saying, "The Lord sent you this, and the Lord bless you." Down came the children, who had awakened at the noise of the knocking, and they soon pulled the cloth on one side, and found there just what they wanted—food to eat and twelve months' rent, besides what they owed at that time. Thus their extremity was God's opportunity. And there is many a poor family, and there's many a weeping Mary, and a weeping Martha, many a weeping widow, who finds her whole strength is in God. A man came to me this morning, and said he could not get any peace in his heart. Once he had it, but now, he said, he had none. I talked to him a little while, and after I had prayed with him, I asked him, "Now, do you not get peace?" "O yes," he said, "I see it now; I have been looking inside too long; but now I look outside, and I see there life and immortality in Jesus."

"Go, and the Lord be with you." It is a good thing for professors to have God with them, is it not? Where I live I saw some spider's webs, and I said, "Now I know the old spider is near." I put a lighted candle and burned up the web, and the spider soon nipped up the wall. If you look into the heart, and see any webs there, you will know the spider is there too; but if you take the candle of divine light, and burn up the web, that old spider, the Devil, will soon quit. What should we do if God was not with us? The more we look to God, I believe the more peace we get.

It is a good thing to rely upon Jesus, to know that we are in the hollow of his hand, and that he will never leave us nor forsake us. It is a good thing to have the power of



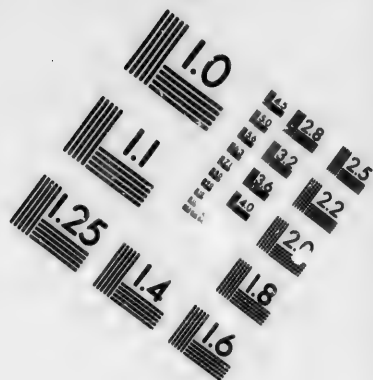
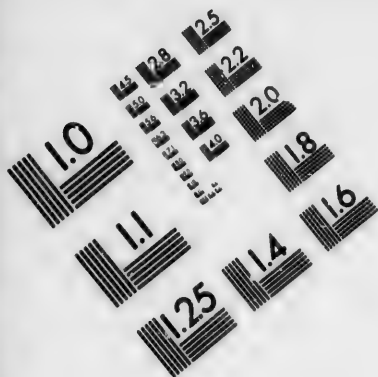
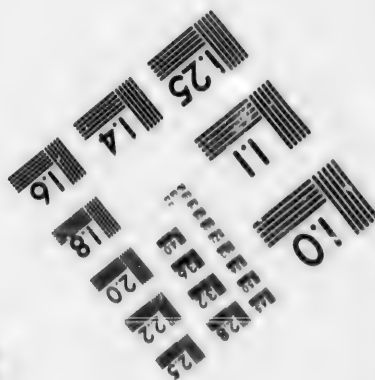
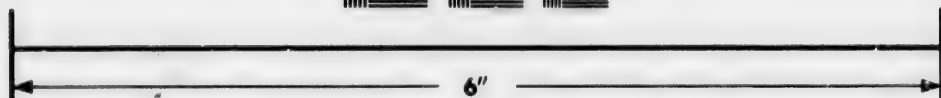
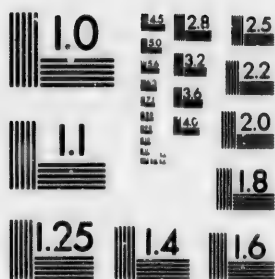


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God over us, and to know that it can defeat hell. I have seen sinners as black as hell could make them. infidels, and scoffers, devil-haunted sinners, as if the hosts of hell encamped round about their souls, and apparently nothing could move them; but I have known an unseen but irresistible power arrest these men, and I have seen the big tear course down their sooty cheeks while they cried, "Lord be merciful."— Bless God that there is this power still. What a blessed thing to have God with us! Some say, "I am so wretched: if I knew only where to find peace, I would give the world for it." But the Lord does not want you to give a world.— It is not yours to give away, even if you had it. Your money and your gold is not your own; it belongs to God, my father. "Well," but you say, "I would give anything that I had to find peace with God." If you look to the Lord, he is here and he will give you pardon and salvation. May you be helped to look to the right source for it, and in the right way. When the disciples were sent forth, Christ said to them, "The Lord be with you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." He promised them the Comforter, who should convince the world of sin and of righteousness, and that he should come unto them, and comfort them.

Is there not a warfare even now between King Jesus and Satan? You try and erect any new battery, and see how soon the Devil will invent another. There are the slaughter-houses of which we have spoken, those inventions of men, aided by the Devil, where they slay husbands, and destroy the happiness, and even the lives, of wives and children, by wholesale and retail too. May God interpose to put a stop to it. Nothing but the omnipotent arm of Christ can put a stop to the evil. We may try to make this a moral people, but we must have power from on high. Thank God we have got that power with us. May we be helped by God to put it into practice; then sinners shall be converted, and God be magnified.

"Go, and the Lord be with thee." I have seen in the coalpits sceptics, who did not believe in God, or hell, or anything else. I have seen infidelity knocked out of such men. I have seen a lump of stone or coal fall from the roof

upon their back as they have been working, and their first words have been—"Lord have mercy upon me!" The biggest cowards in the world are these infidels. Once, in a certain market-place, a man was scoffing at me: he worked with me in the same coal-pit as I did, and afterwards, when we were down there, he began again, telling his comrades what I had said. "He told us," he said, "there were some out of that congregation who would be dead before the next Sabbath-day; now I believe that man is a liar, and if I know there is nobody dead, I will tell him of it." One of the men, however, said to him, "Ah, but thou mayest be dead thyself before then." We parted from him, but he had not been away from us half an hour before he was a corpse; he had been killed by the falling in of some portion of the roof. I have seen others down in the mines, who scoff at religion, and mock at Christianity, but in a time of danger and trouble they have recanted, and wanted religion when they saw death staring them in the face.

As long as a man has the love of God in his heart, there is a power by which he can shout, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" I once was asked to go and see the sick daughter of a poor woman whom I knew, who had kept her bed for six months. I sat there some time talking to the mother while the daughter slept; and the woman told me her child was as happy as a princess. I went away for a while, and as I returned I heard her singing, "Heaven, the place of my rest." I went in and said, "Ah, Mary, how is it with you now?" "O," said she, "I am ripe for glory, for God is with me." When she saw the valley before her, she said, "Farewell, the Lord is with me, and heaven is my home." It is good to have God with us. Yea, the Christian in poverty knows that such have much to contend with. But it is hard work for the rich man to get to heaven, too. A friend of mine, a rich man, said to me once, "You have none of this money to bother you."—"No," I said, "and I don't want it." "If I don't make a will," he said, "and act rightly before the Lord in it, he will call me to account. It does trouble me, in my anxiety to deal justly to all; when my mind ought to be thinking of Christ it is fixed upon that money; I will do as well as I

can, and the Lord will help me." I have promised to go and stay with him when his end draws nigh. He says he knows "Old Sam"—as he calls the Devil—"will be with him when he dies;" but I tell him the Lord is stronger than the Devil, and he can give him abundant entry into rest. Bless God, as a poor man I know what it is to have God with me. I have been in the coal-pit when the fire-damp has come, and my fellow-workmen have been killed around me, and I have heard the cry along the gloomy passages of the mine—"The Lord save me! the Lord be merciful to me, a sinner!" But none of these things moved Richard Weaver, because he could smile at death, and could rely on the promises of the Lord, and say, "God is my keeper, and, if I die, heaven is my home." We have got an antagonist to fight with, but we will go at him right and left; we will dip our hands and feet and faces in the blood of Christ, and we will dip our swords in it too, and the more we dip it into that blood the better it will cut, and the more execution it will perform. It is an invention of Jehovah. Bless God, that through the blood of Christ the worst of sinners can be saved; that blood can defeat Satan; the power of the Gospel can make men in this London cry, "What must I do to be saved?" And the blood of Christ can make them shout, "Victory! I am saved!"

"Go, and the Lord be with you!" Eternity is drawing near, and I take this prayer and commend it to each one here to-night. There are some here who, it may be, will be dead before this year is out. There is a man here who is not a believer. He had been poor, and has known what it is to be in want; but now the Lord has blessed him and his family with prosperity; but I tell him if he is unconverted, before this year has passed he may be taken away, and, if he die unpardoned, damnation shall be his doom. When you are lying on your death-bed, your children will come round you and say farewell to you; and you will cry, "Wife, can't you save me? children, pray for your wicked father; he is dying, and devils are in his room; they are hovering over the bed, O, children, pray for me! Fetch the Sunday-school teacher, that he may pray for me. I am dying, and God is not with me; hell is about to open to receive me, devils are waiting to

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drag me to the bottomless pit. Farewell." That is what you will say, and you will die, and if you are not forgiven will go down to hell. But I beseech you now to come to Christ, that you may live and not die. And there is another man in this congregation who was never worse off in his life than he is now; but God is with him, though it is hard work for him to make both ends meet, and to get along. Before 1860 passes out of time into eternity, the angel of the Lord shall come and summon you hence to the realms of the blest. The Lord will go with thee in the valley, and will never forsake thee. I once said in a certain congregation, "Before this year expires there is a man here who will go home to glory." Three weeks afterwards I was sent for to see a dying man. I found an aged pilgrim of that congregation drawing near his end, who said to me, "Blessed be God, though my strength is gone, yet I am firm upon the rock of Christ." And he died shouting, "Hallelujah! Christ is come, and I must depart." So it is to-night with some old believer here. Before this year is out, he will be in glory, wearing the crown, and waving the palm, and shouting, "Victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb!"

"Go, and the Lord be with you!" Some of you remember my telling you of the poor little lad, one of twenty who were burned in a coal-pit. The poor boy was so dreadfully burned, that he could hardly be recognized, and as they were bringing him up, his thoughts were turned upon his poor mother; and he kept repeating, "O, my poor mother! what will she do when the Lord has taken me away?" When they reached the top, where the crowd of friends and relations were weeping, and waiting to pick out their husbands or their children, the little lad's mother heard the sound of his voice, and she cried out, "That is my dear lad's voice; where art thou, my dear child?" and she rushed through the crowd to where he was placed. "Mother, what will you do now he asked. "I will trust in God my dear lad.—Dost thou trust in him?" "Yes," he said, "God is on my side; Christ is with me." She kissed him, but the skin of his poor burnt face peeled off upon her lips. "The Lord be with you my boy," said the mother; and the boy replied, "thank God, it is not hell-fire; Christ is with me, and heaven

is my home; and you will meet me there, will you not?" "Yes, my lad: I set out for heaven years ago, and I will meet you there." The poor boy died therein the crowd, and his last words were—"Heaven is my home!"

Ah! it is a good thing to have God upon our side, is it not? You mothers here to-night remember standing by the dying bed of your little Johnny, when he passed away shouting, "Victory!" don't you? And as you wiped the sweat from their brows, you wished you might have gone with them then. There are some here too, who have stood by the dying bed of husbands, and pressed the cold hand for the last time in life, while the cry was raised, "Victory through Christ;" and you have found your husband's words were true, when he said, "The Lord will be a husband to you: he will never leave thee nor forsake thee." You young men, too, can remember the pious mother, who said, as she departed, "The Lord be with you, my children!" Perhaps that mother up there who is now wearing the crown, sees her weeping son in yonder gallery, and she would say if she could speak to him, "Look to Christ: he can save you."—That blood of Christ can save you, There is something beautiful, sublime, and grand in Jesus; he can pardon your sins, and save your souls. He is in our midst to-night; and he can save that son up there, and that daughter weeping down there.

Now, sinners, God is not with you; I may never see you again; and I believe that even if I were to preach here next Sunday, some of you would be dead, and if you die in your present position, your souls will be lost for ever. I may never come here again. I know that my journey is short, and my days few. Christ is in sight, and my home and my Saviour are yonder, and I shall be there by-and-by. I ask you then to-night—will you come to Jesus? I knew a man once who is now dead—and if a poor widow were here she would say to me, "Don't speak about it; don't tell me of my husband's death;" it makes me mourn and pine to think of his death. I had often prayed the Lord to save this poor man, and his wife had asked me to pray for him, and I had done so continually. I met him one day, and spoke to him about his soul, and said, "The Lord can save

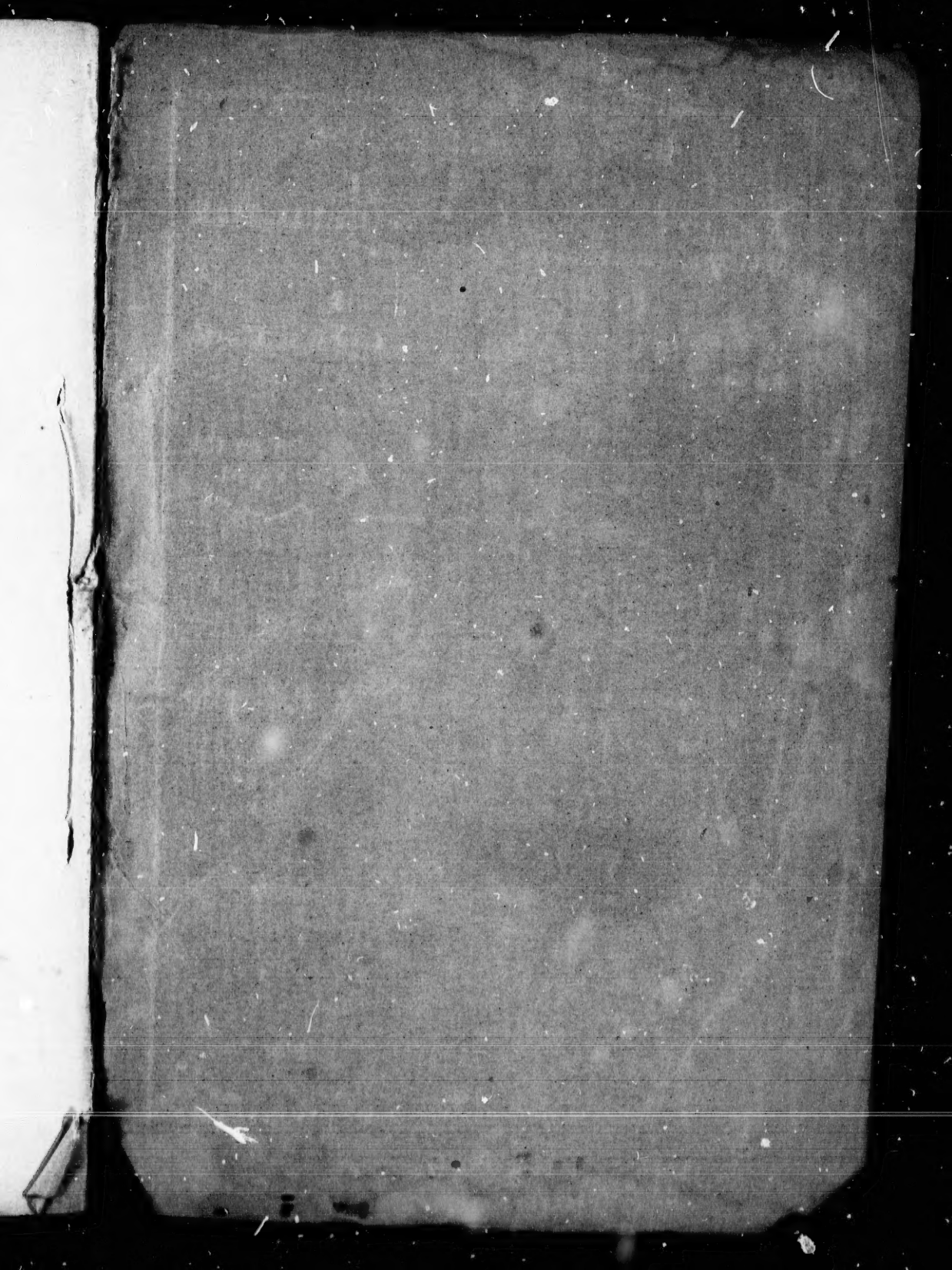
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you, only turn to him." His reply was, "Go to hell!" I said, "I am not bound there; but you come to the Lord, and he will bless you." He said, "I will come when I have a mind to." "God will not have you when you have a mind to come to him." In a few days I was called out of my house to go and see this poor man, who was said to be dying. A voice seemed to say to me, "It is too late! it is too late!" There were policemen round the house, and a number of the neighbours and people round there. "Oh," they cried, "it is indeed a fearful sight!" I went up stairs and the words "Too late! too late!" kept ringing in my ears. The wife met me and said, "O Richard, do pray for my poor husband!" I went up to him, and saw him lying there with his face as black as my hat; he put out his hand, and said, "It is too late! I am damned!" and he died.

I tell you unbelievers that death will make believers of you, when he comes to cut you down. I beseech you to-night, as we may never meet again, to turn to the Lord. I say to you, as that little girl I told you of did to her parents, "Father, will you meet me in heaven? Mother, will you meet me in heaven? I ask you, in the sight of God to-night while you stand upon the brink of hell—I ask you on my bended knees, will you meet me in heaven? Have you any desire to turn to God? There are souls perishing on the brink of hell to-night, but the blood of Christ can save them. The same blood that found out Richard Weaver, the same arm that took him in, can pardon, and can save you. The same angels which rejoiced over me, can and will rejoice over you. Will you come? May the Lord be with you, and bless you, and enable you to come.

THE END.



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